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THE BOLD GAMBOLIER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Tom Tiger was a gambolier,
Who would nather work nor steal;
He "chanced" his little ducats long
In hopes to get a deal;
But hopes were futile, and one night
Tom found himself broke dead—
It made the fellow blue to find
That he had nary red.

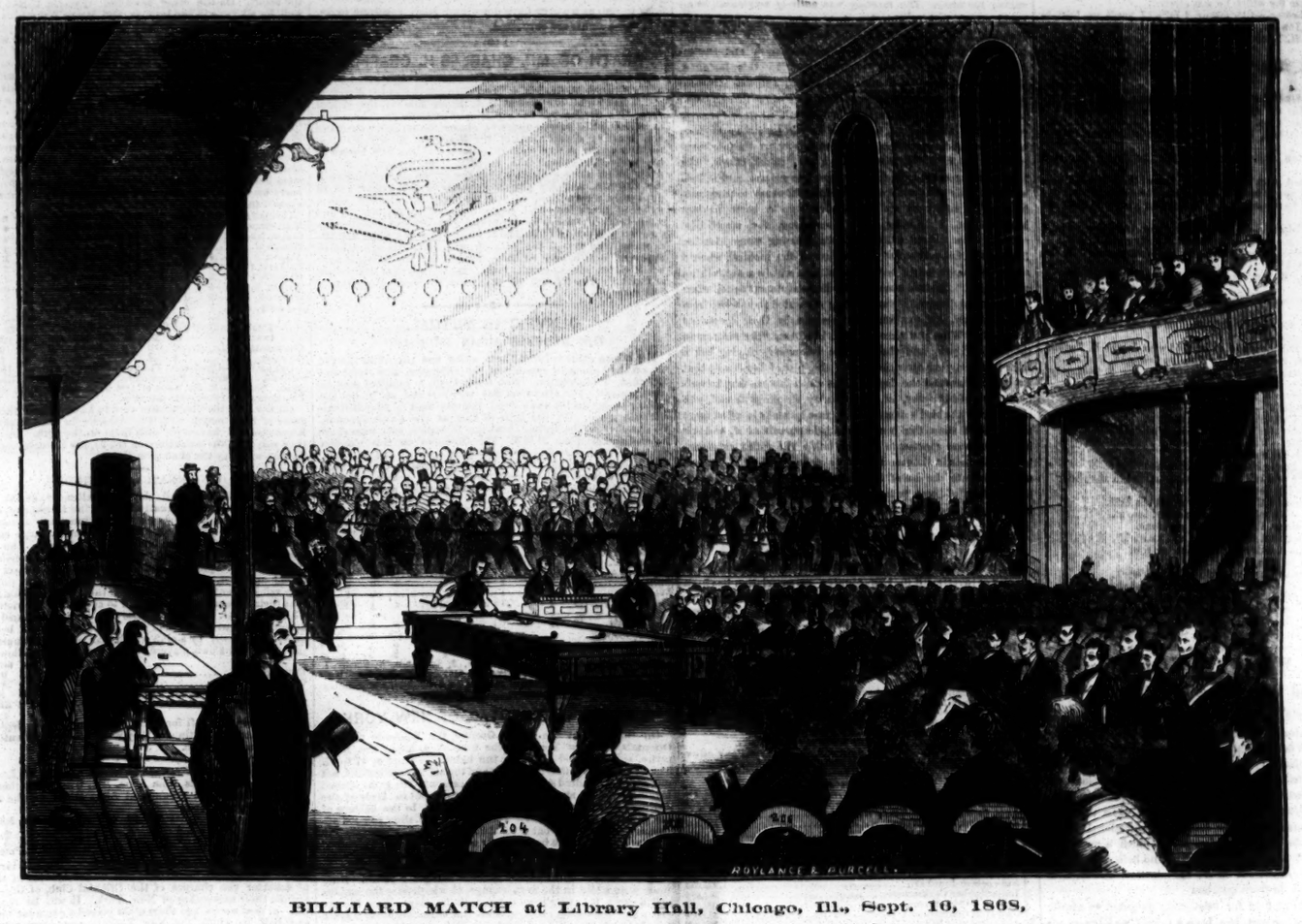
Tom, sorely sad, rushed out of "hell,"
Bearing his hopes and hat;
The sum that he had lost was round,
So he picked up a flat,
To whom he told a specious lie
That was indeed a whopper,
But caused the flat to copper cards,
Till he had not a copper.

Next morning Greenhorn to a friend
Told how he'd lost his tin,
And then to him 'twas first let out
That he'd been taken in.
An officer of the M.P.'s
Nabbed Tom ere he left town—
He raved when he was taken up,
But soon was taken down.

Tom's trial came, and he, poor rogue,
Drained fully sorrow's cup,
For evidence that was not "barred"
Got Thomas well locked up.
Soon he began to think if he'd
Been square 'twould be as well,
And thought his knowledge dearly bought
When purchased in a cell.

His close confinement in the jail
Dif this one difference make—
He sometimes had a stake before,
But now he had no steak;
Thus played upon his feelings so,
And also on his crop,
That finally with his own knife
He gave himself a chop.

His friends interred him in the grave,
In some good natured whim;
They said since he has cut himself
Why we will not cut him—
Not harshly with Tom Tiger deal,
Kind thoughts for him we crave,
Tho' once in jolly ways he lived
He now is in his grave.



BILLIARD MATCH at Library Hall, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 16, 1868,

When McDevitt made the great run of 1,460, as recorded in last week's CLIPPER.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER IV.

BURIED IN THE FOREST.

Whilst one of the men who had left Yale together that afternoon in health and spirits and all the friendly intercourse of good fellowship, lay stark and cold under the moonlit sky, with the dog beside him, the other was making for Dead Man's Gully, with horror in his white, terror-stricken face, and every limb shaking as though in an ague fit.

Marks of a struggle and splashes of blood were on his clothes, and his right hand was roughly wrapped up. He had a small valise slung over his shoulder, gashed and torn, so that its contents protruded in places; and altogether he looked in a sorry plight.

Once or twice he turned to look and listen if he were followed, and whistled to Wolf; but there was no response from the dog, and he pushed on. In a short time he arrived at the little settlement and beat at the door of the first house he came to, demanding admittance and help. A gruff voice within demanded who was there.

"A stranger," was the answer. "I have been set upon in the forest yonder, and my mate murdered."

The man arose and opened the door, in surprise and alarm, to admit the applicant.

"Who are you, and where from?" he asked, as the stranger sank exhausted into a chair and begged a drink of water.

"From Yale—going back to the old country. My name is Ralph Gaveston; my mate's was Alfred Bennett. Our place was at Loder's End. We knew a fellow here called Dawson, and——"

"Dawson's left here and gone to Cariboo this six months. Well?"

"We left to-day and pushed as far as Garland's Clump, don't you call it, in the wood there, and we were suddenly attacked from behind by some fellows."

"How many?"

"Two, I think; but I got a knock-down blow in the first minute, and when I got my senses back poor Bennett was—ah, I cannot think of it! For the love of heaven get some one and go back with me. We've been robbed—but that's little matter. They've done for him, and I'll have justice, if I die seeking it."

"There's many rough gangs about," the man said, making hasty preparations for going out; "and if you had any gold—"

"We had; it's nearly all gone, but I have some left. See here (showing a little bag); and I'll pay to the utmost of it for help and counsel. God knows I need both, for I'm almost done up myself."

He seemed, indeed, quite overcome, and the man pressed some brandy upon him and proceeded to arouse the little settlement, the men of which proceeded back with him to the peaceful spot where his companion lay dead.

Very quiet and calm it looked, and lovely, but for the presence of the dead man, for whom they could do nothing save lay him under the sod. No courts of justice were near; no police to rout out the perpetrators of such a hideous crime; no magistrates to try them.

All that they could do they would, and if they found the guilty party, blood for blood would be their quick demand; but to-night they could only bury the victim.

So, quietly and reverently they made a grave and laid him in it—these rough men, who were used to all sorts of sights and scenes; and the pale moon looked down on the mutilated corpse of the one m— and the bowed head of the other, as Ralph Gaveston and Alfred Bennett parted for the last time on earth, to meet no more till the grave shall give up its dead and the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

There was nothing more to be done. Ralph Gaveston was in haste to get to England, and he left the gully with a party the very next day. All the settlers were of opinion that he had acted remarkably well in the matter. He left his English address, "Gaveston Hall, Warwickshire," and also the name of a Mr. Ord, who, he said, was the family solicitor.

Half of the gold which remained in his pouch he gave into the hands of those to whom he deputed the search after the murderer or murderers, and promised a further reward in case of success.

"If any friends of poor Bennett's should turn up," he said, "though I never heard of his having any, refer them to Marshal and Simpson, Bowery, New York. I shall see these gentlemen before I leave America. They have had dealings with my family for years."

Mr. Gaveston seemed very much cast down at the untimely death of his friend, and those who saw him remarked that the attachment between them must have been something beyond the common order of digger friendships; or it might be that the blow he had himself received had unnerved him, for he seemed hardly fit to travel.

To all the propositions that he should stay, however, he had but one reply, viz., that he had wasted too much time already, and that he *must* push on for England immediately. He seemed strangely anxious about the dog, which he could not persuade to accompany him.

When they were laying poor Alfred Bennett in the earth they had to firmly secure the animal, or it would have prevented their work by leaping into the grave; and when it was filled, neither coaxing nor blows could get it away. To Ralph Gaveston it showed a strange sympathy, the more singular from its former fondness, refusing to notice him save by growling and showing its teeth.

"I do believe the poor old boy is going mad," he said to those around him, after vainly striving to make the animal follow him.

"In Yale yonder he would hardly look at poor Bennett, or let him touch him, while he would fawn upon me and obey my every looks."

"Better leave him," said one of the men. "He shan't starve; we'll see after him. Besides, who knows, he may spot the man that did it. Dogs have done that afore now; and you'll do it, won't you! Hi, good dog!"

He patted Wolf as he spoke, who looked into his master's face, and showed his white teeth with a fierce snarl.

"He'll find them, if they are to be found," the man went on. "If he could only speak now and tell us what he saw!"

"Ah-h—perhaps he will!" said Ralph Gaveston, with a sort of shuddering sigh. "I'll leave him to you; it's no use trying to get him away."

No use indeed. Wolf remained there all day, hours after his master had left the settlement; but in the night he disappeared. How coaxed—or forced—or spirited away—no one could ever tell. No one in the settlement ever saw him again, nor was the perpetrator of the crime ever discovered, though, as Limping Jack vanished at the same time from Yale, and never reappeared in his old haunts, he was very generally suspected of knowing something about that night's work.

Indeed his old comrade, Dan the Devil, did not scruple to declare openly that he knew Jack was the guilty party, and to anathematise him in passionate terms for a cowardly, mean fellow, who had deceived them all and gone in single-handed for the spoils they had all meant to share.

And so the time flew on, and other crimes and atrocities banished the recollection of Alfred Bennett's murder from men's minds, and Ralph Gaveston was pursuing his way to England—not hurriedly, although he had seemed in haste to leave the diggings, but stopping here and there on his way at the different points of interest on his route.

Now and then the announcement of his name in the hotels would cause some one to come forward and introduce himself as an acquaintance of the family, and pleasant gossips would ensue about home and home friends, and he began to find that, though he had been twenty years a stranger to England and English ways, going back to the old country would be a very agreeable thing after all.

He stayed a day or two at Niagara, going thither with two gentlemen whom he met by accident, and who, attracted by the name of Gaveston, had introduced themselves as friends of his brother and his wife, and there he met with a somewhat singular accident.

One of the ladies in the hotel was doing some wax modeling, and Ralph volunteered to help her. He had been introduced to her, and a sort of intimacy had sprung up between the two parties, such as often happens in the free and easy life of an American hotel.

Whether he was awkward, or careless, or both, matters little, but he managed to upset a ladle of melted wax over his hands, and to scald one of them severely. He made light of the accident, but it pained him more seriously than he would allow, from the fact of the boiling liquid having run into a scarcely healed wound, and making it open afresh.

Nevertheless, he proceeded with his journey, though he arrived in New York with his arm in a sling, and a worn look of pain on his face, which plainly told of much suffering. Messrs. Marshall and Simpson were the first persons he called upon, and on receipt of his card they welcomed him warmly.

"You have been anxiously looked for, my dear sir," said the senior partner, holding out his hand. "Have you ever seen any of the advertisements in the papers?"

"I have been out of the pale of civilization, my dear sir, for many months; we have not got to the dignity of a newspaper at Yale yet, and we very rarely see one from the outer world. You must excuse my left hand; I have injured my right rather severely."

"So we were told."

"Oh, that's an old story—this is fresh, a bad burn; I must get some advice about it."

The partners were charmed with this new scion of the house of Gaveston, and Ralph spent a very pleasant evening with them.

He furnished them with all the necessary proofs of his identity (though Mr. Marshall, who had known his father, averred that the family face would have been enough), and told them the story of his friend's death, about which both partners questioned him rather closely.

"Then you think the dead man had no friends?" Mr. Simpson asked, during a pause in the conversation.

"None that I ever heard of."

"And he was not married?"

Ralph Gaveston hesitated a moment, and then said, rather sharply:—

"No."

What prompted him to the lie, after what Bennett had told him, was best known to himself, and he uttered the words without looking at the questioner, as though he feared that they might know or guess that he was not telling the truth.

Mr. Simpson eyed him keenly, but said nothing, though he cherished the trivial circumstance in his memory, and used it, too, at a future time. The partners pressed Mr. Gaveston to remain a little while in New York, and communicate with his friends, but he was resolved to go on at once.

"They will expect me," he said. "I wrote them the same night that I got the news, and started as soon as possible afterwards; but I shall most likely not stay in the old country long; indeed, there is little need for me to go at all, but, somehow or other, that bit of paper, with its sudden news and its story of home events, stirred up such an unconquerable desire to see England once more, that I never stopped to think, but started off at once."

"Of course, my dear sir, of course," Mr. Marshall said, "the only thing you could have done, and I don't think you'll come back again, except as a gentleman on your travels, for the heir's a sickly, puny little fellow, by all accounts."

"I hope it may be long ere he dies, for all that. Do you know, I have only one drawback to my pleasurable anticipations of home—I fear my brother's widow will think I have come hoping her child will die, and leave me the estate and fortune. She must not think so—I must make her think otherwise."

"If she is a sensible woman she will not trouble her head about the matter; I think you are imagining a case; they would not have been so anxious to find you if they had any such notions."

Still the new found Gaveston was depressed and anxious, and seemed almost inclined to go back to his digger life even now.

The lawyers hinted that they were ready to advance him money for the journey home, if he were not supplied; but he rather haughtily thanked them, and said he had enough.

"A true Gaveston," was Mr. Marshall's comment, as they watched the steamship Badoura move off from the landing stage. "I don't believe he has much, and yet he's like his father when I knew him—poor and proud—poor and proud."

CHAPTER V.

PRESENTIMENT AND REALITY.

The news which Fate had so singularly wafted across the Atlantic, and so many thousand miles beyond, was true enough. The rich and influential family at Gaveston Hall had been suddenly and fearfully deprived of the only two grown up representatives of the race, and the fine estate and fortune were now the property of a feeble, sickly infant, scarce able to run alone.

Gordon Gaveston Esq., of the Hall, had been respected far and wide as a man of sterling worth and goodness; and there was hardly a family for miles around that did not feel as though they had lost a tried and sincere friend when his useful career was so suddenly and terribly cut short.

His invalid brother, who had long shared his home and been the object of his care and solicitude, had been also respected and beloved by all who knew him, but his lot had been that of an invalid for many years, and the news of his death was no surprise to any.

Upon the stricken widow the blow of the double bereavement fell cruelly; she had scarcely got over the grief for her son, a fine boy, promising, if spared, to be all that his father was and more, when that father was taken away also, leaving her to face the world with her helpless girls, her ailing, fragile boy, and her own utter incapacity for business of any kind.

She had been a happy wife, was a fond mother, but her energies went no further; her marriage had been one of those which so frequently occur, where a bustling, spirited man of business chooses a helpmate as utterly opposite to himself as can well be conceived—and it was well for her that Gordon Gaveston had been prudent enough to provide for all contingencies in time of health.

Everything was in perfect order—masters and guardians appointed—one of the latter being his absent brother Ralph, should he return during the child's minority. This clause was doubtless inserted out of brotherly feeling only, for a condition was appended to it that it should be only so arranged if Ralph returned unchanged in disposition, and unharmed by his roving life.

Attached to this charge was a bequest of five thousand pounds to his brother or his heirs; if none were found, to revert to his own daughters. Besides these kind remembrances of his long-absent brother, there was a sealed letter, directed "Ralph Gaveston, Esq., to be forwarded, if possible, on my death;" and an injunction to his executors to search for Ralph, of whom no tidings had been heard for a long time.

These requests and directions roused the ire of Mrs. Gaveston, and waked her up from the apathetic grief she had indulged in since her husband's death. She summoned Mr. Ord, the family solicitor, to her presence, and inveighed against what she was pleased to call the absurdity of such a thing.

"To make a man one has never seen or heard of guardian to my boy, the Master of Gaveston," she said, indignantly. "It's preposterous; a rough fellow that, according to his brother's own showing, has led a lawless life for twenty years; a bad son that ran away from home and broke his mother's heart."

"Not that, Mrs. Gaveston; that poor Ralph never did. I daresay you have never heard the truth of the story; it was his father's harshness and cruelty that drove the lad away (they had not come into the property in those days). Ralph was an honest-hearted, brave boy, and I know that his mother connived at his going, and helped him with the means. You have never known the poverty that grinds the life out of the heart, and breaks up the happiness of home. Your husband did when he was a boy, and it was that same poverty which drove poor Ralph away."

"But he is a common sailor, isn't he? a rough fellow that picks up a living anyhow; I could not meet such a man on an equality, or give him any control over my son."

"I think you are mistaken; I can only judge from his letters, which, though oddly written, and sometimes quaintly expressed, have been always those of a gentleman. You will find a good many among your husband's papers, though they have ceased lately."

"Do you think he is dead?"

"It is impossible to tell; if presentiments and feelings go for anything, I should say 'no.' I cannot fancy he is, although it is so long since we have had any news of him."

"I could almost say I wish he is," said Mrs. Gaveston, fretfully, "I do so dread his making an appearance and upsetting all our arrangements."

"Time will show," Mr. Ord remarked; and time did show, though nearly twelve months elapsed before any tidings came to Gaveston of the missing brother, and then Mr. Ord received a letter. It was evident that the wanderer had not seen any of the advertisements inserted in the various papers, or known anything of the inquiries making for him in all directions, as the letter was written in the first knowledge of the bereavement which had befallen him.

It was in a cramped, upright hand, almost like print, and looked as though it had taken a long time to write, as indeed it had, Ralph Gaveston having bestowed much time and trouble on the composition and penmanship thereof:—

YALE, British Columbia, July 9th, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR.—In great uncertainty whether what I now sit down to write will ever reach its destination, or indeed whether any of my old friends in Warwickshire are dead or alive, I venture to address you.

Out here, in these untraveled regions, in this lawless society, with mighty impassable mountains at our back and the treacherous Fraser river rolling at our feet, in the midst of waifs and strays from almost every nation under heaven, and such life as you can only imagine in peaceful, civilized England, I have this night read a curious piece of news from home. By chance, fate, kismet—call it what you will—a torn, dirty scrap of paper has revealed to me that my two brothers are no more, and that "I only am left" of my father's sons.

I was going to say, "Is it true?" but it will be useless for you to write any answer, as, long before a letter can reach this place, on the very outskirts of civilization as it is, I shall have left it for England. The story told me by that torn fragment has made me feel, what I have often felt before, an inconceivable longing to see home again.

It has never been so strong as now, and I have made up my mind to come—not to grasp at my dead brother's property, heaven knows, nor to intrude where I am not wanted, but to look at my mother's grave and see the only home I now (not the fine hall I have heard of—that's nothing to me); and then, if I find I am not welcome, and the rough wanderer of so many years has nothing in common with the refined folks of the old country, well I can wander off again wherever God wills.

The world is my home, and it's wide enough. Tell my unknown sister, who I heard once was a fine lady, that she need not fear my rough ways or uncouth presence. We diggers know how to be gentlemen when the need arises, and all I want is to see my brother's children. I shall not come home penniless. I have enough to live on until I return here, and I shall come to you first. In a little while after you receive this I expect to be at home, and once more shake the hand that was always kind out to me in kindness in the old times. Till then good bye, and believe me, with grateful recollections of many a long past kindness, Yours, faithfully, RALPH GAVESTON.

James Ord, Esq., solicitor, Castle terrace, Warwick.

Mr. Ord took the letter to Mrs. Gaveston, to whom it was, in truth, something of a disappointment. The time was passing by, and she was hoping in her heart that the only tidings they would ever have of Ralph would be the news of his death; and here he was, alive and well, and if the letter were a truth, coming home, perhaps, to assume all sorts of authority over her boy and his future prospects. She chose to doubt the genuineness of the letter.

"How are we to know this is not some imposition?" she said. "Ralph Gaveston has been twenty years away from England; *I* never saw him; you remember him only as a lad; and any unprincipled scamp may assume his name and place in the world, for ought we know."

"I never looked at the thing in that light," he replied, "but there is truth in what you say. I could swear to this letter being his, though, for if you read his correspondence with home for the past ten years, though it has not been much, you will see the same style, sentiments, expression in all. The writing is no criterion; some injury to his hand has made it very uncertain; sometimes it is legible, as to-day; sometimes almost entirely unreadable. I am sure you need not fear poor Ralph. I don't fancy he is changed in disposition, and he was a good, warm hearted boy."

"I do not fear him for myself, but for the child's sake."

"Nor for him either; his little namesake will be safe from any meddling of his; poor fellow, he will go back, as he says, when he finds no welcome for him at home."

"Of course I shall welcome him, Mr. Ord: I don't want to be unkind, and he is my husband's brother; but I may say things to you I should not think of saying to any one else, and *I* cannot help remembering that there is only my Ralph's life between his uncle and a fortune, and this lawless man——"

"Oh, stop, my dear Mrs. Gaveston!" Mr. Ord said, laughing. "Don't take trouble beforehand in that way; nobody is going to meddle with that young gentleman yonder. Do you know this letter has taken a great load off my mind?"

"How?"

"In assuring me that Ralph Gaveston lives—had any one asked me, I should have asserted he was dead."

"More presentiment, Mr. Ord? How strong your belief is in that sort of thing."

"I cannot help it, my dear madam, though I seldom speak of it; this will go far to remove the superstition, if such it be," tapping the letter as he spoke.

"You never told me that you had such a fancy."

"It was hardly a fancy; it was more a feeling of certainty, which I could neither define nor express, that we should never see Ralph Gaveston again in life—that he was dead and buried in some distant part of the world."

"I hope his ghost did not write that letter. I declare you have given me the shivers, Mr. Ord. Do talk of something more rational than such nonsense. Here's a letter—a somewhat queer one, 'tis true—from a man who says he's alive and well and coming home, and then on the top of it you tell me you had a presentiment that he was dead!"

"I told you what I *felt*, that was all. For five months I have felt that we should see his face no more; that he was dead and buried seemed as clear to my mind as the light of yonder pure white snow, or the sound of the December wind that howls around the house as if it would fain find entrance to the warmth and light within."

Mrs. Gaveston's only answer was a smile and a shrug of her still pretty white shoulders; she looked remarkably young to be the mother of her tall daughters, and it was the general opinion of the neighborhood that her widowhood would not be a long one, for, besides the money she enjoyed during her boy's minority, she had a handsome private fortune of her own, which belonged to her absolutely, and which was a tempting bait to needy scions of many a noble family.

Mr. Ord went home and read and re-read the letter he had received. Cute lawyer as he was, he had still some old-world superstitions clinging to him, and this strange notion of Ralph Gaveston's death would cling to him in spite of the witness from afar which he held in his hand.

He was a lonely old man, this family solicitor of the Gavestons, a bachelor, with but few ties to bind him to life; his friend's death—for he was very intimate with the family—had been a severe blow to him, and the prospect of seeing once more the bright lad he remembered so well was very pleasant.

He sat thinking and musing before the bright fire in his pleasant little parlor, falling into a reverie on things gone by, and letting time slip away without heeding the passing minutes, till the opening of the door aroused him.

He heard his servant's voice, but the name of the person who entered was imperfectly given; and he turned round to meet a tall, bearded man, who held out both hands, and said, in a voice which was strangely familiar, though long unheard:—

"It *is* my kind, old friend, alive and well, thank God!"

His hands were taken in a friendly clasp, and a pair of brown eyes looked with recognition into his face, while he could only sink back into his chair again, and feebly murmur:—

"Great heaven, Ralph Gaveston!"

CHAPTER VI.

AT HOME.

"Yes, my dear sir; Ralph Gaveston alive and in the flesh. I told you I should come to you first; and here I am, in an English home again, after twenty years!"

"Sit down, sit down, my dear boy," said the old lawyer, bustling about in utter confusion at the unexpected arrival, ringing the bell for refreshments, as though he fancied his guest had come direct from the desert, and poking the fire into greater brilliance. He was quite bewildered by the suddenness of Ralph's return, and for a few minutes seemed utterly at a loss what to say to him.

He, on the other hand, was quietly scrutinising the comfortable room with the eager gaze of a man accustomed to anything rather than the quiet arrangements of modern society—it may be renewing his acquaintance with things familiar to his eyes in years long since passed away. It seemed so, for the first remark evinced as much.

"This is glorious," he said, lounging in an easy chair, and stretching his feet to the fire. "A man must have roughed it on the very verge of civilized life to appreciate such comforts as I do. There seems but little change either in the room or yourself."

"Not much, except in the change from a middle aged man to an old one. I'm seventy years old, Ralph; and you——"

"I am thirty-six, according to the register. Do you know I have never parted with that valuable document, the certificate of my birth and baptism, in all my years of wandering. It is fastened into an old Bible my mother gave me. She fancied I might need it some day. Poor mother! And she died, and I never saw her!"

"But her last thought was of you, my boy—her last words a blessing for you. We sent you word to Australia."

"Ah, yes, I know; but it was a keen blow, Ord, her death and Lizzie's, my little sister; and now tell me all about my brothers. To think I—the least thought of, the least worthy of my father's sons—should be here now alone, the last of them. Tell me the whole history. I've heard bits of it on my journey; but I asked no questions till I saw you. I'll tell you *my* story afterwards."

Thus adjured Mr. Ord told the tale of Gordon Gaveston and his brother's deaths, and the new comer set himself to listen. He never moved from his thinking attitude before the fire while the lawyer recounted the family history for the last twenty years, but seemed to be eagerly drinking in every word.

He was a handsome, well-formed man, as we have already shown; but the roughness of a digger's costume and manner had vanished now, and given place to the easy bearing and quiet dress of a well to do gentleman. His face was sunburnt, but his hair and beard had been trimmed into a more modern and fashionable style of *coiffure*; so that, except a somewhat foreign look, there was nothing at all eccentric in his appearance.

His forehead was broad and well formed, and the brown curls lay upon it with an easy grace, which gave a quiet charm to his face; and the dark eyes were full of feeling and intelligence. His mouth might be a little faulty—indeed the lips were too thin for beauty of outline; but the lower part of his face was hidden by his beard and moustache, which he still suffered to grow in the careless fashion of the present day. His hands were well shaped, though brown with exposure to wind and weather, and rough from hard work, and on the right he wore a sort of mitten, which covered all but the tips of the fingers.

"Just what I thought Ralph would grow into," Mr. Ord thought, admiringly. "A fine fellow and every inch a Gaveston."

"I am glad I came home," he said, when he had heard all there was to tell. "Even if I go back again I shall always feel happier for having seen the old country once more."

"If you go back! My boy, you mustn't think of such a thing. Gaveston may be yours at any time. There's only one boy, don't you know that?—a rickety, puling infant. *He'll* never live to be master in the old place."

"Oh, he will, I dare say. Babies often turn out just the very thing you don't expect. Besides, I couldn't hang about Gaveston or even stay in England, waiting for the chances of a child's death. No, no! I shall see my sister-in-law—if she'll see me, that is—and then go on my travels once more."

Mr. Ord thought within himself that this new comer was the very nicest man he had ever seen, and he held out his hand to him again.

"You are a good, unselfish fellow, Ralph," he said warmly; "I always said you were. We'll go up to the hall after dinner unless you particularly fancy sitting down at Mrs. Gaveston's fashionable table (for she keeps her state, I can assure you) to having a chat with me."

"Oh, the chat by all means; I have dined and you have so much to hear."

He drew closer to the table, as he spoke, and learned his right hand upon it, toying with the writing materials which lay there, and scribbling his name, "Ralph Gaveston," in absent fashion upon the blotting paper.

He held the pen in a curious manner, and with a singularly nerveless grasp, but produced a clear signature nevertheless, in the same hand as his last letter. Seeing the lawyer looking at him, he stopped and apologized.

"I had gone off in a brown study," he said, laughing. "Pray forgive me."

"I am glad to see you able to write so well."

"Yes, it is wonderful I can; my hand was literally smashed to pieces; it was months before I was able to use it at all, and even now it is a horrible sight."

He made no motion to show the lawyer the scar; though, truth to tell, he was rather curious to see it, but went off into such a story of his life and adventures as he could tell in a short time. The main points Mr. Ord was familiar with already. The letters which Ralph had written home from time to time had made his friends pretty conversant with his doings, though it appeared as though he had been a *lonely* man, forming no ties in the wandering life he had chosen. Up to the time of his quitting Australia, he had kept his friends pretty well acquainted with his doings, and the lawyer's knowledge of the past seemed rather a relief to him than otherwise. He told his story with a kind of languid air, as though he were rather bored at having to relate over again things already known, until he came to that portion of it he had spent in the new diggings in British Columbia; and then he suddenly became eloquent, and spoke of trivial occurrences and small every day matters with a gusto which plainly showed his interest and made his companion remark upon the difference.

"Ah, you'd understand," said Ralph Gaveston, with a laugh, "if you had been there; you see, talking about Australia is talking about what is familiar to every one; but the new diggings are different. The country is new, the towns, such as they are, are new; and, in fact, I suppose my enthusiasm has not died out yet. I dare say I shall go back to Yale after all and turn digger again."

"I don't think you will, but time will show; the society there must be curious, to say the least of it."

"*You* could not even imagine it, my dear sir; but I did not mix in it. I had but one associate; I little thought to come home without him, poor fellow; but it was to be, it seems."

"You left him behind?"

Mr. Ord scarcely knew what made him ask the question. There was no interest to him in hearing of Ralph Gaveston's friend, especially as he had not come with him to England; and he was hardly prepared for the emotion which his query called up.

"Yes, I left him behind," Gaveston said, in a low, shivering tone, staring straight into the fire as he spoke; "left him under the ground; he was killed, poor fellow, barbarously, brutally murdered!"

His face grew so pale, and the drops stood so thick upon his forehead that the lawyer really feared he was going to faint, and turned towards him.

"Don't speak of it," he said, "if the recollection is so painful."

"Painful! That is a small word; it is horrible, horrible! Don't fear me, I shan't faint; I have had to remember it many a time, and I must learn to speak of it, too. Poor Alfred Bennett, he was a rough fellow, but a true friend to me; and it was sad to see him lying there, stark and ghastly, under that bright moon, with his handsome face all beaten in. Not even a mother's love, which survives all things, they say, could have recognized a single feature. No one would have known him—*no one* but me."

He spoke the latter part of the sentence almost to himself, and as though he were unconscious of the lawyer's presence; and there was a strange gleam in his eyes, which made the latter half afraid that his mind was a little affected by what he had undergone, and the frightful calamity he spoke of in addition.

"Let us talk of something else," he said kindly; "or shall we walk up the hall and see your sister-in-law!"

"The sooner the better; I suppose dinner will be over by now. It seems a funny thing to me to be talking of dinner when the stars are shining out over our heads and the night has set in bleak and cold. Just such a moon as that, only brighter, shone down upon us the night my friend was murdered."

"And who did it?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell; shall never know, in all probability. We were going away from Yale—the town I told you of—with all our worldly wealth in one little pouch. We struck across the mountain by a beaten track to a road we knew, which, after a long past a dozen miles of traveling, brought us to another little settlement, where we knew one or two fellows. I only left poor Bennett for a little while—scarce an hour altogether—my gun and the wild creatures tempted me; and when I came back, I found—bah! what I told you just now."

"But what could have been the motive?"

"Plunder, no doubt. We had left Yale with money, and he had been known to have it upon him. They were mistaken; it was in *my* pouch."

"And what did you do?"

"Went on. The settlement we were bound for was nearer than the town we had left; the men I knew were not there; but I gave the alarm, and got assistance, and went back and buried him. It was all we could do."

"So soon?"

"Would you have had us leave him to the wolves and the bears? There was nothing else for it. To have returned to Yale, and accused any one without proof of such deed, would have been to have brought a hornet's nest about my ears, and perhaps have flung away my own life. I wrote the whole of the details to the sheriff, and gave every information I could about it. I expect he will write to me as soon as there is anything to tell. Poor Alfred had no friends to grieve for him, and I am glad of it; it would have been a sad story to bring home to a wife or family."

"Sad, indeed, and most horrible," said Mr. Ord, with a shiver. "I am thankful that I live in a more peaceable and protected land; this is Gaveston Hall, Sir Ralph."

Ralph Gaveston looked curiously up at the house of his brother's widow—the house that might ere long be his—and seemed to take in every feature of it; the sharp angles rising clearly defined against the sky; the long rows of lighted windows sending out ruddy gleams on to the pure, white snow; the evidences of wealth on every side.

"It is a fine old place," he said, "and well kept; but my brother, even as I remember him, twenty years ago and more, had a good business head—very different from poor Will."

"Mr. William was a student all his life; his health prevented any activity on his part. It will seem lonely to find no one that knew you to welcome you home but me. Yet stay—you *will* have one familiar face to meet you, and one whose joy at your return will be some compensation for all your kindness to her."

They had reached the massive steps at the hall door, and were standing under the portico by this time, and Mr. Ord put his hand to the bell.

"Stay a moment," his companion said. "Tell me who it is that will welcome me so warmly."

"Mattie Brock."

"Mattie Brock?"

"Yes, the girl you helped home from Australia. Don't look as if you had forgotten her. You little thought your charity would be so rewarded, I dare say. She found her way here, told her story and showed your letter, and your brother helped her to keep right. No one here knew her, of course; and for the last twelve months she has been a steady servant at the hall."

"Mattie Brock here—at Gaveston!" Ralph said; but the words were uttered so slowly, and with such gasps between, that Mr. Ord came to the conclusion that there had been something in the girl's story and connection with Ralph more than had transpired.

"Yes, she's here. You'll be glad to see how steady and well behaved she is."

"Yes, I shall be glad to see her—poor Mattie!—very glad."

Again the ashen grey pallor crept over the face of Ralph Gaveston, and his limbs shook as though with an ague fit. Before the lawyer could restrain it, the great door opened from within, and stumbling forward a few paces, like a man dazzled and blinded by the unwonted light, the wanderer felt insensible on the threshold of the home he had come so many thousand miles to see.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.	
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" for 3 months	1 25

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
BOX 3 860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

NARRAGANSETT, Providence, R. I.—1. Single scull, two miles, 13:52, R. F. Clarke, Boston, 1859. Josh Ward rowed it in 13:58 in 1861; three miles, 22:27, James Hamill, Philadelphia; five, Ward is accredited with making it in 35:36, Staten Island; the course rowed over by Brown and Coulter, when the former won in 34:28½, Pittsburgh, lacked nearly half a mile of being the stipulated five, we are told. Double scull—two miles, 12:54½, Parker and Carpenter, Boston, '61. Four oared shells—two miles, 10:00, Harvard crew; three, 19:40, Boston, Biglins and Jack Eckerson, '63, five, 30:44½, New York, Denny Leary and the Biglins in the Geo. J. Brown. 1860; six, 39:28, Ward Brothers, Springfield, Mass., '67. Six oared shells—three miles, 19:11½, J. W. Dickinson, Springfield, '66. No recorded time for the other distances named. 2. If the crews cannot agree they should toss for choice. The race in prospective has nothing to do with the first contest.

J. H. D AND R. M. J.—"A and B. are running for position of Secretary of an institution. C. bets D. that A. will be elected. A. and B. are both nominated, and the nominations are closed, and the company goes into an election with the following result:—A receiving 19 votes, and B. 18, two votes being blanks. There being 39 votes present, and it requiring a majority of those present to elect, the President decides no election. Five ballots ensue, with the same result. A. and B. being still the candidates. The nominations are then re-opened, and there being four nominees in the field, A. withdraws, but receives votes on the last ballot. B. is elected. Please decide whether C. loses or wins, or whether the bet is a draw".....Our opinion is that the bet is a draw, owing to A. withdrawing.

NIRA, Lasalle, Ill.—We recollect the question and answer perfectly. If the ball is held on first base "at the same time the striker touches the base," the player is not out, as section four of rule three says, the ball must "be held by an adversary on the first base *before* the striker touches that base." Therefore, if the striker overruns the base he must be touched "by the ball * * * in the hands of an adversary, without some part of his person is on the base."

SLACK, Fort Wayne, Ind.—1. Ilea was beaten by Joe Wormald in 24 rounds, 2 hours, 8 minutes, June 15, 1864; by Ned O'Baldwin in 3 rounds, 57 minutes, Feb. 19, 1866; by Tom Allen, in 17 rounds, 1 hour and 2 minutes, June 13, 1866. 2 Marsden was defeated by Wormald in 18 rounds, 37 minutes, Jan. 4, 1865, and by O'Baldwin in 11 rounds, 16 minutes, Sept. 25, 1866.

AMERICUS.—"In the last match between the Atlantics and Mutuals was McMahon put out while going from 2d to 3d base, or from 3d to home, or was he *on the base* at the time of being put out by Mills, with Pike at the bat?".....McMahon was put out by Ferguson at third base while trying to steal from second, the ball being thrown by Mills.

CONSTANT READER, Assabet, Mass.—"A bets B that, according to the Constitution of the United States, at the present time, no one but an native born citizen is eligible to the office of President. B. on the contrary, bets that a naturalized citizen is, that is, a citizen who has taken out his papers, is eligible to the office of President. Who wins the bet?".....A wins.

SHERMAN.—1. If your opponent was to score 200 to your 100 points, he was not "grand discounting" your game; in which case he would have had to make a straight run of 200 points to win the game. Your friend has consequently to commence *de novo*. 2. The Lillywhite now here with the All England Eleven is James; his brothers, John and Fred, were here in 1859; the cricketers now here are not the All England Eleven.

G. H. C., Chicago.—"W. E. S. is a member of our club, having played a match with us Sept. 10th; played several games inside of thirty days with the E——s without resigning from our club. 1. Are the games he played in void? 2. Can he play with us the same as if he had not played with the E——s at all?".....
1. Yes. 2. No.

E. P. K., Chicago.—1. Pasia was born at Sarrano, near Milan, 1796. Her maiden name was Negri. 2. Mrs Stoneall was formerly a member of Mitchell's Olympic Company, and was known as Miss Roberts. 3. A drama called "Hoboken" was produced at the Bowery Theatre in 1846. 4. Mrs. Geo. P. Farren was formerly known as Mary Ann Russell.

J. D., Cincinnati.—Section one of rule four says:—"Players must vacate their bases in the order of striking; and when a fair ball is struck and not caught flying, the first base must be vacated.".....Players may be put out on any base under certain circumstances, in the same manner as when running to the first base."

DIVISION.—"Two men bet upon a prize fight; A putting up $100 to B's $50. The fight is decided a draw. Does each man receive his own money back, or is each entitled to one half the whole amount, $75?".....The sum deposited by the men is returned to them, A receiving $100 and B $50.

OLD READER, Oswego, N. Y.—Section seven of rule five says that "no game shall be commenced when rain is falling, and neither shall any match game be continued after rain has fallen for five minutes." Still, if neither captain protested at the time, the game should be counted in the series.

G. A. H., Baltimore.—1. If it should be proved conclusively that the game was won through fraud, then our opinion is that all bets should be drawn. 2. The ball would go to neither, but a new game would have to be played. 3. The National Convention does not recognize championship contests.

RIX, Syracuse, N. Y.—One mile, 6:42, by Boyd; five, 39:15, by Miles; ten, 1 hour 26 minutes, Westhall; twenty-one, 2 hours, 58 minutes 24 seconds, George Topley; one hundred, a trifle over 15 hours. No record of time made at the other distances mentioned.

J. K. Y., Philadelphia.—1. John S. Clarke played John Smith in "Nature's Nobleman," produced at the Arch Street Theatre, in your city, Feb. 28, 1857; H. O. Pardey was the author. 2. It can be had of S. French, this city, for 15 cents. 3. Yes. 4. Yes.

A. G., Dover.—"P. and J are playing all fours, each having scored six. J saves his Jack, and claims the game. P has the ace in his hand, and he claims the game. Who wins?".....P wins, the ace being high, counting before Jack, whether the ace has been played or is in hand.

BEACH, Fort Davis, Texas.—1. One hundred yards, 9¼ seconds, by George Seward, in England. E. D. Davis is reputed to have made it in 9½ seconds, in America. 2. Not recorded. 3. Both Seward and Westhall are said to have ran two hundred yards in 19½ seconds, in England.

JOE D., Toronto.—1. Hughey Dougherty was born in Philadelphia, where he made his *debut* at Thomeuf's variety place during the season of 1867-8. 2. The best running jump upon record is said to have been made by Howard, in England, viz.:—29 feet 7 inches (the English sporting press have also given the distance as 29 feet 8 inches).

C. B. H., Albany.—It is a matter of opinion. Mr. Arbuckle, of Gillmore's band, in Boston, and Mr. Williams, of the San Francisco Minstrels, are considered as two of the best cornet performers in America.

BLUFF PLAYER.—"A and B are playing bluff; A chips $5, B sees it, and raises A $25; A has only $20. Is A entitled to a sight for his $20, or can B claim the money?".....A is entitled to a sight for the $20.

SEYMOURITE, Springfield, O.—1. It is about an even thing in both States. 2. New York City will probably give Seymour the majority stated. 3. He is a democrat. 4. We think he was at one time. 5. Don't offer odds on those two States.

T. W. M., Rochester, N. Y.—According to the rules, the game should have been decided on the last even innings, if there was a tie on the ninth, and the tenth could not be played. In that case, it can easily be determined who won the bet.

MALLEY, New York.—1. The Mutuals and Unions of Morrisiana only played two games in 1867. 2. Pike has given up ball playing. 3. Pratt and Pearce, when they pitched and caught for the Atlantics, were looked upon as the best.

ANTI-EMIGRATION.—All those parties you name would not set-to for Joe Coburn, in England, without being well paid, as we are informed by Jim Cusick.

AQUATIC.—You are right. The repeated issuing of challenges by a "champion" do make him look very foolish in the eyes of all, and especially under such circumstances.

S. H., Philadelphia.—The English cricketers, recently arrived here, are not the All England Eleven, as has been erroneously stated by some of the papers.

COLLEGIAN, Philadelphia, Pa.—As the course is said to have been so much shorter than the stipulated distance, the bet should be drawn.

A READER, Boston, Mass.—Neither James H. Coffey or Prof. Bailey, the colored sparrer, of your city, ever set-to with Joe Coburn.

J. A., Stamford.—The trump card having been turned, the deal cannot be recalled. It was the duty of A's opponents to prevent him dealing twice in succession.

J. R. G.—1. Four of a kind beat a straight flush, which only counts as a simple flush until otherwise agreed upon. 2. This question is answered in the preceding.

HARRY MORGAN, Benton City, Dakotah.—It will save time by your arranging the match in person; it will take too long if you wait for the challenge and reply to appear in our paper.

QUAKER CITY.—In speaking of clubs the first nine are generally meant; as there seems to have been a misunderstanding about the matter, the bet had better be drawn.

BIG SUNFLOWER, Indianapolis.—Born in Albany, N. Y., March 29, 1851; made her *debut* in 1864, at the old Pittsburgh Theatre.

ALEX. C., Bradford, N. Y.—1. The best 100 yards time was made by George Seward and is 9¼ seconds. 2. Write to John Goulding, care of this office.

F. P. C., Galesburgh, Ill.—If no improper means are resorted to to secure bets, he who wagers his money on a "sure thing" wins.

SONOMA, Boston.—It is published by Lacy, of London, and can be had of S. French, 122 Nassau street, this city, for 25 cents.

HALSTEAD, Chicago.—She is the wife of William Leak, of the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., where she is at present playing.

J. L. H.—Neither of them ever ran a mile in such time. In what issue did you see such a statement? You must be in error in regard to it.

S. M., Ilion, N. Y.—The one who bet on the certainty wins, provided he used no unfair means to induce a wager on the part of the other.

H. L., Boston.—We know of nothing issued here. The "Poultry Book," which is considered a good work, was published some years ago in England.

G. W. B., Ilion.—In his first race against Ethan Allen and running mate, Dexter was timed by the judges in 2:16; but this time does not go on the record, as he did not win the heat.

S. A. C.—The Unions and Mutuals only played two games last season. The former won the first and the latter the second game.

L. E. T., Fort Shaw, M. T.—The fight between Con Orem and Jimmy Dwyer took place October 26, 1867, and was decided in favor of Dwyer.

B.—As the matter stands, A wins the bet, but such unsportsmanlike practices are not calculated to increase a man's reputation for honesty.

A. C., Philadelphia.—1. Not being present on the occasion, we cannot inform you. 2. The official returns give Chamberlain a majority of 20,404.

BROOKLYNITE.—Was Sergeant Boston CORBIN? Somebody has been "codding" you.

R. M., Troy, N. Y.—"Butt" Riley's right name is Hugh, but "Blink" is another individual altogether.

J. N.—No horse ever ran three-quarters of a mile in three-quarters of a minute.

J. G. H., Chicago.—B counts 7—six for the sequence and one for the last card.

A. F. T., Gloucester.—Twenty-four. See answer to A. J. W., Fort Laramie.

W. L., Philadelphia.—You forgot to enclose the advertisement.

L. T. MORGAN, Binghampton, P. O.—1. With No. 34 of present volume. 2. See article in Turf department.

M. F. K., Fort Monroe, Va.—As neither club belongs to the National Association, you have no remedy.

T., Steubenville.—The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, is the largest of the two.

CONSTANT READER, Worcester, Mass.—He did not strike him.

H. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—Old Barney Aaron visited the United States in 1854, and returned in March, 1856.

SUBSCRIBER.—He loses the deal as soon as the trump card is turned.

A. R. C., Milwaukie.—You had better let the matter rest where it is, as he will probably be accommodated by parties who have the means.

SHORTY, Stanceteles, N. Y.—The game goes back to the last even innings, and, in the case you mention, should stand 14 to 13.

DICK, Shelby, Ohio.—The Nationals rank below the Athletics, Atlantics and Unions in playing strength; still they are a first class club.

SMOKY CITY.—1. They wear "red stockings" and knee breeches—hence the name. 2. Yes.

READER, Wheeling, W. V.—1. A. H. Rogers, 66 Broad street, New York. 2. Items are always acceptable, if fresh.

MONSIE HICKEY.—No club ever played two series of games for the championship in one season.

IMMEMOR.—Tim Whiffler and Buckstone ran a dead heat for the Ascot Cup, in 1863, Buckstone winning the deciding heat.

J. MC., Bridgeport.—At forty-fives, the ace of spades, when spades are not trumps, takes the king.

ESQUIRER.—A being the dealer, cannot take advantage of his own misdeal, and cannot claim 25.

ANXIETY.—Born in this city, and made her *debut* when only a child, at the Old BOWERY Theatre.

GAMESTER, Detroit.—Harry Jennings, whose advertisement see in another column, can supply you with what you want.

WHITE FAWN, Pittsburgh.—We get the items from your burgh.

SHORT STOP, St. Louis.—Many of the scores sent are a little out of date.

H. W., Brooklyn.—Go to Butler's, No. 3 Peck Slip, New York.

C. A. I., Great Falls.—A does not count out D, as the latter has not yet made a shot.

FRED.—She received no fixed salary, but a share of the nightly gross receipts. Some weeks her share is over $2,000.

HARRELL.—No one by the name of Patterson has played in the Atlantic nine this season.

A. P. B, Cincinnati.—Managers of traveling minstrel bands always pay the board and railway fare of the company.

A. B. PAUL, Baltimore.—We can supply you with a copy of Aug. 29th only.

G. V., Louisville.—We pub'ished something of the kind a few years ago.

P. J. V., Tremont, O.—Make application at one of the navy yards.

JOE CARELESS, Paterson, N. J.—Abraham Lincoln did not serve out the time for which he was elected.

F. A. M., Rochester.—Gladiateur, 1 mile 17 yards in 1:39, in England; Legal Tender, 1 mile in 1:44, in this country.

ELM STREET, St. Louis.—We are already attended to in that direction.

MELVILLE.—Dexter was formerly owned by Mr. George Fawcett, of Chicago.

C. O., Des Moines, Ia.—12 feet 8¼ inches is the best recorded standing jump. It was made by Bob Way, at Chicago.

BIFFUN.—1. For no special reason—merely as a distinguishing mark. 2. Can't say.

J. F. Y., Carbondale, Pa.—We published it a year or two ago.

C. F., Pendleton, O.—In some places the dealer has that privilege.

WASHINGTON.—A man betting on a "sure thing" wins, provided he has not used fraud to induce his adversary to bet

and received the first prize. B. Auer, of same place, was awarded the second, having made twelve centre shots. Mr. Ulrich also received a premium for the best centre shot, Paul Reising, of New Albany, being second. In the contest at the contribution target the first prize was a handsome toy locomotive, complete in every particular and ready to be placed upon a railroad track. It is three feet long, and is fitted up with everything necessary to raise steam. It was built by J. H. Ill, of Allegheny City, Pa., and cost three hundred dollars. This prize was won by Capt. John Horn, of the New Albany Rifle Club, for the best shot at the ring target during the Schutzenfest. Capt. Horn also won a silver goblet valued at $6. The second prize, consisting of a handsome china set, was carried off by B. Auer, of Louisville. Paul Reising, of New Albany, received, for the second best shot at the stich target, a handsome rocking chair, worth $5, and a purse containing $5 50. Andrew Dane, of New Albany, won a walnut card table worth $10, for the best shot at the ring target. Anton Endris, also of New Albany, won a fine looking glass mounted on a gilt stand and frame, valued at $20, for the best centre shots; he also won a prize of $4 50, one of the prizes of the stich target. Lud. Hurrle and John Gadient also won a prize each.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

Great Trotting Match Against Time.

TWENTY MILES TROTTED BY JOHN STEWART, TO A WAGON, WITHIN ONE HOUR—AN UNPRECEDENTED PERFORMANCE.

TIME, 59 MIN. 23 SEC.

The Fashion Course, L. I., was, on Tuesday, September 22d, the scene of one of the most remarkable performances recorded in the annals of the American trotting turf. The occasion was the match against time, in which, for a wager of $2,000 to a wagon within the hour; Mr. John Chambers, the proprietor of the Fashion Course, being the backer of time. The day was far from favorable for the performance of the feat, as a drizzling rain fell during the time. The attendance was large, and had not an impression prevailed very generally that the match would be postponed—as the conditions specify a "good day and good track"—it would have been much larger.

This was the second attempt ever made to trot twenty miles an hour to wagon in this country; the previous one having been made by the famous "Queen of the Trotting Turf," Flora Temple, May 24th, 1855, on the Centreville Course, L. I. On that occasion she cast a shoe on the eighth mile, and cutting herself severely, she was withdrawn at the end of the twelfth mile, which had taken her 37 min. 11¼ sec. to accomplish; a time behind the average rate required to do the task set her. The feat of trotting twenty miles within the hour in harness has been done four distinct times—by Trustee, on the Union Course, L. I., Oct., 1848, in 59:35½; by Lady Fulton, on the Centreville Course, L. I., July 12, 1855, in 59.55; by Captain McGowan, Riverside Course, Boston, in 1865, in 58·25, and by John Stewart ever the same course last year, when he failed in his great match of trotting twenty-one miles in the hour, but succeeded in trotting twenty and a half miles in 59:33½. The appearance John Stewart is a small, compactly built, and very muscular brown horse, about fifteen hands, with a fine, square trotting action, and is by Tom Wonder. The betting before the came came upon the course was $100 to $60 on time, but as soon as the horse was seen and his splendid condition apparent, a change ensued, and he ran into such favor that the betting was even at the start. He was driven by young Hiram Woodruff, a resident of Long Island's great horseman, who also trained him, and who deserves credit for the good judgment he exhibited in the race. The judges were Messrs. Martin, Shaw and Underwood. After jogging once around the track, the word "go" was given, and the horse and opposing time started on their journey. He broke once on the first mile, in coming up the stretch, time 2:56; but became steadier on the second, third and fourth miles, done respectively in 2:49, 2:50 and 2:52. The fifth was a little slower, 2:54, but even this was thought too fast, and he was moderated on the sixth mile, trotted in 2:59. The betting now ran strong in favor of the horse, who was going steady as clockwork, and $100 to $60 was the current price in the pools, which were sold all during the race. The two next miles were much slower, 3:00 and 3:03, and Hiram was told to "go faster," which he did, trotting the ninth mile in 2:52. The tenth mile was slower, 2:59; the time of half the distance being 29:14, or 46 seconds less than the average time. So little distressed did the game little horse appear, the betting ran $100 to $40 on him. He continued his steady gait throughout the remaining ten miles, winning the match cleverly in 59 min. 23 seconds, having 37 sec. to spare; the twentieth mile being trotted in 3:02. We give the following detailed summary:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1868.—Match against time for $2,000, John A. Chambers laying $2,000 on time against $7,000, that the trotting horse John Stewart could not trot twenty miles to a wagon within an hour. Result:—

Miles.	Time of Each Mile.	Total Time.	Miles.	Time of Each Mile.	Total Time.
1	2:56	2:56	11	3:02	32:16
2	2:49	5:45	12	3:05	35:21
3	2:50	8:35	13	2:55	38:16
4	2:52	11:27	14	3:00	41:16
5	2:54	14:21	15	2:56	44:12
6	2:59	17:20	16	3:03	47:15
7	3:00	20:20	17	3:03	50:18
8	3:03	23:23	18	3:02	53:14
9	2:52	26:15	19	3:07	56:21
10	2:59	29:14	20	3:02	59:23

Lexington (Ky.) Fall Meeting.

This meeting commenced over the Association Course on Monday, Sept 14th, and continued over the succeeding five days. The weather was unfavorable on the first and second days, and the track heavy, but on the remaining days it was very fine, and the attendance large and fashionable. Our space only allows us to give summaries of the various days' racing.

FIRST DAY.—LEXINGTON, KY., Sept. 14.—Produce Stakes, for three year olds; $40 in, $5 if; $100 added. 17 subs.

J. A. Grinstead's b f Revenue, dam by Sovereign..... walked over

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year olds; $50 entrance, p. p.; $100 added.

T. V. Tuttgby's br f Minnie Mitton, by Lexington..... 1 1
T. Buford's b c by imp. Australian..... 2 2
A. Keene Richards and J. Kelgour's b f Bettie..... 3dis

Time, 2:30; 1:58¾.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $400; two mile heats, for all ages.

W. J. Hawkins' br c O'Malley, 3 yrs, by Mickey Free..... 1 1
J. W. Ford's b i Woodford Belle, 4 yrs..... 2 2

Track slow. Time, 4:11½; 4:14½.

THIRD DAY, Sept. 16.—Club Purse $400; mile heats; all ages.

Jas. Shy's b c Paris, by Lexington, dam Ella D., 3 yrs..... 1 1
A. K. Richards' br c Locust Post, 3 yrs..... 2 2
W. Viley's bl f Eva Douglas, 3 yrs..... 3 3
The best shot at the ring target. Anton Endris, also of New Albany, won a fine looking glass mounted on a gilt stand and frame, valued at $20, for the best centre shots; he also won a prize of $4 50, one of the prizes of the stich target. Lud. Hurrle and John Gadient also won a prize each.

W. R. Cook's br c by Revenue, dam by Epsilon, 4 yrs..... 4 5
Jas. W. Ford's b f by Lexington, dam by Alton, 4 yrs..... 7 8
J. Ready's b m Lilla Gray, 5 yrs..... 5 7

Time, 2:30; 2:31; 1:59½.

SAME DAY.—Trial Stakes for fillies two years old; $50 entrance, p. p.; $100 added; three quarter mile dash.

J. Harper's ch f Kate Orange, by Ulverston..... 1
D. Swigert's gr f Mermaid, by imp. Australian..... 2

Time, 1:27¾.

FOURTH DAY, Sept. 17.—Purse $300; mile heats, best three in five; for all ages.

J. Harper's ch g Style, by Wagner Joe, 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
Jas. W. Ford's gr h Tom Porter, by Lightning, 5 yrs..... 3 3 2
Jas. Shy's ch f Easter Monday, by Uncle Vic, 4 yrs..... 2 2 3

Time, 1:53½; 1:54½; 1:55.

FIFTH DAY, Sept. 18.—Produce Stakes for three year olds; two mile heats.

Jas. Shy's ch f, by Australian, dam Laura Bruce..... w. o.

SAME DAY.—Produce Stakes for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats.

Jas. Shy's ch f, by Austral an, dam Laura Bruce..... 1 1
J. A. Grinstead's b f, by Sovereign, dam by Sovereign..... 2 2

Time, 1:48; 1:44.

SAME DAY.—Trial Stakes, for two year old colts; $50 entrance, p. p., $100 added; mile dash.

Gen. A. Buford's br c Vassilles, by Vandal..... 1
J. Harper's ch c Exchange, by Endorser..... 2
B. G. Thomas' b c Herzog, by Vandal..... 3

Time, 1:47¾.

SIXTH DAY, Sept. 19.—Club Purse $300; three mile heats.

A. H. Brand's b c Pleasureville, 3 yrs..... 1 1
Gen. A. Buford's br c Crossland, 3 yrs..... 2 2
W. J. Hawkin's bl c O'Malley, 3 yrs..... 3dis

Time, 5:36; 5:46½.

SAME DAY.—Citizen's Purse $100; mile heats.

A. K. Richard's b f Bettie Bay, 3 yrs, by Australian, dam Bettie Ward..... 1
D. Swigert's b c King Tom, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Tokay..... 4 3
W. Viley's bl f Eva Douglass, 3 yrs..... 5 5
J. Shy's br c Venus, 3 yrs, by Revenue..... 6 4
A. H. Brand's br c Eminence, 3 yrs, by Lexington..... 3 6
J. W. Ford's b f, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Ann Farris..... 2 6

Time, 1:48¾; 1:48.

Hurdle Race at Staten Island.

A hurdle race came off on Saturday, Sept. 26th, at New Dorp, Staten Island, on the last day of the fair of the Richmond County Agricultural Society. The race was over a mile and a half, or twice around the course, and six hurdles each three feet six inches in height, for a purse of $300. The entries were McConnell and Thompson's br m Lobelia, 150lbs, ridden by Leslie; Biragne, 140lbs, with Bereeford up, and Tycoon, 125lbs, Gaffney in the saddle. Tycoon led the first time round, Lobelia waiting in the rear of Biragne, and under a strong pull. On the second circuit, Lobelia and Biragne, passing Tycoon, made a splendid race home, both leaping the hurdles in magnificent style, and the western mare only won after a fine finish from Biragne, by half a neck; Tycoon beaten off. Time, 3:06.

A running race for members only, which had the same horses entered as in the hurdle race, followed. Tycoon, however, was withdrawn, and only Biragne and Lobelia started. Lobelia won the first heat by a length in 1:34½; which, considering the heavy state of the track, was very fast time. Biragne was now found to be slightly lame, and his owner, Mr. R. W. Cameron, being desirous of affording sport to the spectators, declined to withdraw him, and the second heat was run, and again won by Lobelia, by a length in 1:28¾, thus winning the race. Summary:—

NEW DORP, S. I., September 26, 1868.—HURDLE RACE.—Distance one and a half miles, over six three feet six hurdles. Premium $330.

Mr. Thompson entered br m Lobelia..... 1
Mr. Cameron entered b g Biragne..... 2
Mr. Gaffney entered b g Tycoon..... 3

Time, 3:06.

SAME DAY—MEMBERS' RUNNING RACE.—Three quarter mile heats, best 2 in 3, for a premium of $30.

Mr. Thompson entered br m Lobelia..... 1 1
Mr. Cameron entered b g Biragne..... 2 2
Mr. Gaffney entered b g Tycoon..... dr.

Time, 1:34½; 1:28¾.

Great Sale of Thoroughbred Stock at Jerome Park.

In another column will be found an advertisement of the thoroughbred stock belonging to that well known racing confederacy the "Anniewood stable," composed of Messrs. Belmont, Travers and Hunter, which will be offered for public sale at Jerome Park on Saturday, the 3d of Oct., by Mr. Robert Underwood, the auctioneer. The stock comprises twenty lots—six horses in training, eight brood mares, four yearlings and three weanlings. Prominent in the list stands the name of the renowned Kentucky, now seven years old, and, although it is probable his glorious racing career is ended, yet in the stud, from the promising appearance of his progeny, he looks likely to perpetuate his fame in his offspring. Extra and Dickens are also to be sold, as well as the three promising two year olds, Cannie Burn, Vespucius and Sapphire. The last named is one of the handsomest and most racing like youngsters we ever saw, and if he does not make a great race horse, we shall never again place any dependence on good looks. The brood mares are a valuable lot, comprising Maroon, the dam of Local and Baltimore, sinted to imported Eclipse. Filagree, an imported mare by stockwell, the dam of Mr. O'Fallon's flying two year old, Alta Vela, Maud, also an imported stockwell mare, Fanny Fern, the dam of Eugene and Ollata, Oleata and Columbia, all stinted to Mr. Morris' imported stallion, Eclipse. Millcreek, a mare by imp. Sovereign, out of Millwood; by Monarch, is the last on the list. She is stinted to Censor. The four yearlings are by Censor, Balrownie, Lexington and Harrington respectively, and the three weanlings by Kentucky, Arcola and Censor. Such an opportunity for securing the best racing blood on the American turf rarely occurs, and we expect to see turfmen from every part of the United States present at the sale, which will be conducted by the popular pool auctioneer, Dr. R. Underwood.

A draft of thoroughbreds from the Jerome Park Stable, comprising Cyclone, Keystone, Glide, Revere, Belladonna, Alpha, Diadem, Petrocon, Coon Van Hoosen and Stockbridge, will be sold by auction by Dr. Underwood, on Tuesday, Oct 6, the third day of the approaching Jerome Park Meeting.

TROTTING AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Union race course, near the Flour City, was attended by a pretty large gathering of turfites on the 23d ult., attracted by the announcement of two races. The first was for a purse of $50, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for horses that never beat 3:00, and the entries were Dennis Mahoney's Brickmaker, John H. Barns' Lady Burns and Frank Shoemaker's Kitty Wadsworth. Five heats were trotted, Brickmaker taking the first, Lady Burns the second and Kitty the three following and the race in 2:54; 2:53; 2:55; 2:56. The second event was for a purse of $50 free to all, and the horse trotting nearest to three minutes to be the winner. Lady Palmer, Champagne Charlie and Billy Dempsey were entered and the former won, taking the first, third and fifth heats, each of the others taking one.

SALE OF BAYONET.—On the last day of the Paterson Meeting Messrs. McConnell and Thompson sold their three year old by colt, Bayonet, by Lexington, out of Bay Leaf, by Yorkshire, to Messrs. Coffee and Moore for $6,500, with his engagements. The colt goes into Captain Moore's stable to be trained. Bayonet is one of the three that Messrs. McConnell and Harness purchased last year, on the recommendation of Captain Moore, of Mr. Alexander for $4,500; the other two being General Duke and Vauxhall. The Duke has won, up to this time, upwards of $10,000 in stakes and purses alone; Vauxhall has won once and Bayonet once, consequently the investment has been a highly profitable one. The Duke was sold in the spring for $10,000 to Mr. John O'Donnell, of this city.

TROT AT MYSTIC PARK, MASS.—A match for $500 was trotted at the above New England track on the 21st ult. between R. L. Flanders' rg Dee Drop and J. J. Bowen's b m Bella Clay. The former won in three straight heats. Time, 2:36; 2:40; 2:38¼.

SALE OF THE RACE HORSES ONWARD, CLIMAX AND CAPTAIN MOORE.—Two of the above well known race horses are to be sold at public auction by Dr. Underwood, at Jerome Park, on Saturday next, Oct. 3d, immediately after the sale of the Anniewood stable. Onward is a perfectly sound horse, in regular training, and is known to possess a wonderful turn of speed when in the humor to try. Captain Moore will make a capital stallion, for his breeding is unexceptionable, being by imp. Balrownie, out of Jenny Rose, by Glencoe. As a race horse he was of the first class, having carried the colors of his late owner, Mr. J. S. Watson, to victory in many a race, and beaten such famous horses as Lodi, Mammona, Fleetwing, Lizzie W., Rhinodyne and others. Climax, another son of Balrownie, and noted for his wonderful speed, is also offered for sale by private contract. He is a remarkably sound horse, is in training, and showed his speed and staying qualities by beating Stonewall Jackson in the Providence Handicap at the recent Narragansett meeting.

TROTTING MATCH FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—The two famous fast trotters, Lucy and George Palmer, are matched to trot over the Fashion Course, Long Island, on October 24th, a race of mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for $2,500 a side. George Palmer is looked upon as the "coming horse" among turfmen, making steady improvement in every race he trots. He won the $1,000 purse at the recent Middletown Fair, beating Hotspur in very easy style, and the following week at Newburgh he beat his present opponent, Lucy, for a purse of $1,000, in three straight heats, the time being 2:29; 2:26¼; 2:27; and on the same day he won the $1,500 purse, beating the famous mare, Goldsmith Maid, after a severe contest in the first heat, the Maid winning the first; the third being a dead heat; and the horse taking the second, fourth and fifth heats. The match in question will create great interest among the lovers of fast trotting. George Palmer has just been purchased for $15,000 by Messrs. J. E. Wilkins, of New York, and T. Wilson, of Rochester

MATCH BETWEEN LADY THORN AND MOUNTAIN BOY.—On Wednesday, the 30th of September, on the Union Course, L. I., Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy will meet together and trot for the proprietor's purse of $2,000 in a race of mile heats, best three in five, in harness. This race will be one of exciting interest, for each has now beat the other three times; the last match between them, trotted on the Island Park Course, Albany, on the 21st September, having been won by Mountain Boy in four heats, the third being a dead heat, in 2:27, 2:25; 2:25; 2:26.

DEATH OF REVENUE.—This celebrated horse, who in his day was one of the best racers on the turf, and whose fame at the stud has been sustained by such renowned progeny as Planet, Fanny Washington, Exchequer and a host of others, died recently at Belle Air, Virginia, in his twenty-fifth year. He was owned throughout his career by the Hon. John Minor Botts, and that gentleman, as recently as Paterson races, informed us the old horse was looking as fresh and vigorous as he was at five years old.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Doncaster Race Meeting and its Results on the Future.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TIME COMPARED—THE ACCEPTANCES FOR, AND BETTING ON, THE GREAT AUTUMN HANDICAPS, THE CESAREWITCH AND THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE—SALE OF BLAIR ATHOL—THE DANEBURY SCANDAL ABOUT THE EARL.

The Doncaster St. Leger of '68 is over, and the name of Formosa enrolled among the memorable winners of that great race. Never was the truth and reliability of public running more strikingly illustrated, for the beautiful daughter of Buccaneer and Ellen had previously shown her high quality by winning the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, and has now added the St. Leger to that brilliant list of triumphs. The full details of the race will be found in another column, and we need only observe that Formosa is the only Oaks winner, with the solitary exception of that great mare, Queen of Trumps, who has ever carried off the St. Leger during the 90 years the great Epsom fillies' race has been established; while Imperieuse and Achievement are the only other winners of the One Thousand and St. Leger in the same year. Her owner, Mr. Graham, purchased her at auction when a yearling, of her breeder, Mr. Cookson, for 700 guineas; Paul Jones, who ran second to her in the Leger, and who is by the same sire, Buccaneer, being sold at the same time for 100 guineas. As a two year old, she won three out of the nine races for which she started, realizing in value to £1,805. As a three year old she has, so far, run six times, and won four; her winnings this year amounting to £17,850. Large as this sum is, it does not come up to that of Lord Lyon (£20,350) or Gladiateur (£19,914), in their three year old careers. Her owner is not a heavy better, and only won £3,400 on the race, besides the stakes, which are worth £5,825 net. In appearance Formosa is a dark chestnut, about fifteen hands two inches in height, with a beautiful head and neck, good shoulders and back, and powerful loins and quarters. Her sire, Buccaneer, was by Wild Dayrell, the Derby winner of 1854, out of the dam of Cruiser; a horse that many of our readers will remember, having been brought over here by Mr. Harey, to exhibit his system of horse training upon. Buccaneer is decidedly the most successful stallion of the day; the first, second and fifth horses being by him. He was sold two years ago to the Austrian government, but every attempt to buy him back has failed. His son, Paul Jones, it will be remembered won the Chester Cup. The riding of Challoner, Formosa's jockey, in the St. Leger, was one of the most finished performances ever seen on the turf; waiting patiently to the critical moment, and then letting out the game, winning by a couple of lengths, without touching her with either whip or spur. This fine jockey has won the Leger four times in eight years—on Caller Ou in 1861, the Marquis in 1862, Achievement in 1867, and Formosa this year. He also won the Derby on Macaroni, and the Oaks on Feu de Joie. Fordham, who rode Formosa in the Two Thousand, One Thousand and Oaks, had the option of riding her in this race, but preferred to ride Paul Jones, and, to his mortification, was only second.

Among the other important events decided at Doncaster, we may mention the race for the Fitzwilliam Stakes, which was won by Blue Gown, the Derby winner, in such hollow style, despite the heavy weight he carried, 122lbs, and from a field including some very fast horses, that he was at once made the favorite for the Cesarewitch notwithstanding his heavy impost (123 lbs), as little as 100 to 8 being taken about him for this race, and a thousand even offered that he beats anything in the race. The time in which Blue Gown won this race is especially worthy of notice. The distance was one mile, and with what would in this country be considered a tremendous weight for a three year old (122 lbs). he ran it in the fast time of 1min. 44sec. The fastest time for a mile in America, with the full weight up, and which was 104 lbs for a four year old, was 1:44¾ by Mamona and by Revolver; Legal Tender, 6 years, in a handicap race, and carrying 104 lbs., at the Cincinnati Meeting of 1865, running the mile in 1:44. In the Champagne Stakes, for two year olds, a race which sometimes affords a key to the mystery that shrouds the following year's Derby, as was strikingly exemplified last year when Blue Gown won it, (although subsequently disqualified on account of his jockey, Wells, carrying several pounds overweight without declaring it) the distance is 6 furlongs and 152 yards, and the weights carried, colts 122lbs, fillies 120lbs (more by 4lbs than six year old and aged horses carry here.) This year four two year olds started, Beliadrum sister to Rosicrucian (subsequently named Morna, after the youngest daughter of the owner, Sir Joseph Hawley), Chatelh-rault and Ismael. Five to one was laid on the highly performed Beliadrum, but he was defeated by a head by Sir Joseph Hawley's filly, in the fast time of 1:15. Here the fastest time for six furlongs for a two year old, with 9olbs only, is 1 min. 17¾ sec. made by Mr. Denigen's Narragansett at the meeting which gave the colt his name. In the Champagne Stakes, the distance of which is only 68 yards short of six furlongs, the time was 1:15, which, considering the weight carried, is a better performance than that made at Narragansett by the Eclipse colt. In the Great Yorkshire Handicap, run on the same day, and won by Romping On I, 4 years, carrying 101lbs, the time was 3 min. 19 sec. and distance 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards, which is at the rate of 3:38¾ for the two miles.

The acceptances for the two great autumn handicaps have just appeared. Seventy-three horses have cried "content" with the weights put upon them by the handicapper in the Cesarewitch Stakes, Julius, 4 yrs, who won this race last year, heading the list with 132lbs. on him; Hermit, 4 yrs, carrying 6lbs. less, and the Derby winner, Blue Gown, 3 yrs, 123lbs; Daisy, aged, who twice won the Chester Cup, has 118lbs; Romping Girl, 4 yrs, is one of the three Yorkshire Handicap, 101lbs; Paul Jones, 3 yrs, who this year won the Chester Cup and ran second for the St. Leger, for which he gets a penalty of 6lbs, has 108lbs; Mercury (third for the Leger), 3 yrs, 102lbs; Blueskin, the Metropolitan winner, 3 yrs, 96lbs; the Mariner, (winner of the Northamptonshire Stakes), 3 yrs, 96lbs; The Spy, 3 yrs, 94lbs; while the lowest weight carried is 77lbs. For the Cambridgeshire Stakes, 114 have accepted, the weights ranging from Feponsaler, 4 yrs, 137lbs, to Beadlesa, 3 yrs, 77lbs. Julius, Hermit, Blue Gown, King Alfred, Vauban, Tarahan, Romping Girl, Grinston, Daisy, Suffolk, Lad, Elizabeth, Paul Jones, Mercury, See Saw, The Mariner, Green Sleeve and many other good ones have accepted.

At the sale of the breeding establishment of Mr. John Jackson, at Fairfield, near York, the celebrated racehorse and stallion, Blair Athol, was sold for 5,000 guineas. He was originally purchased by Mr. Jackson (who for many years was the leviathan betting man in England), of his owner and breeder, Mr. W. I'Anson, for £12,000. There was quite a sensation when the great horse, the double winner of the Derby and Leger, was led into the ring. He looked magnificent, and was in fine condition possible. As it was known that several foreigners had come over with the intention of buying him, great fears were entertained that he might leave the county. When, however, it was announced that the eminent breeder, Mr. Blenkiron, had bought him for 5,000 guineas, after a close contest with Count Renard, the numerous spectators gave vent to their feelings by loud and continued cheers. The celebrated stallion will be located at Middle Park, where his great rival, Gladiateur, also stands. The sale realised 23,155 guineas, which was 5,000 guineas more than Mr. Jackson had calculated upon. Eighty mares and foals made 15,855 guineas, or an average of nearly 200 guineas.

Nothing further has transpired about the Danebury scandal case relative to the Earl, but it is generally thought that the Jockey Club cannot in justice refuse the investigation asked for by Mr. Padefox.

Racing at Newmarket.

The annual fall racing fixture, known as the Newmarket October Meeting, took place last week. We herewith give summaries of the various events:—

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 22D.

The first race was for the third year of the Nineteenth Triennial Produce Stakes of ten sovereigns each; closed with fifty-three subscribers. The race was won by Ravioli. Summary:—

Mr. Saville's br f Ravioli..... 1
The Duke of Beaufort's b c Vauban..... 2

Betting.—Even on Vauban, and 3 to 1 against Ravioli.

The second race was for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of fifty sovereigns each, for three year olds; closed with twenty-three subscribers. Five horses started. The race was won by Athena. Summary:—

The Marquis of Hastings' Athena..... 1
Count F. De Lagrange's Mortemer..... 2
Mr. Bowes' The Spy..... 3
The Marquis of Hastings' See Saw..... 4

Betting.—Three to one against Athena, five to one against Mortemer, five to one against The Spy, and four to one against See Saw.

The third race was for the Hopeful Stakes of 40 sovereigns, for two year olds, the second horse to receive 50 sovereigns out of the stake; closed with thirty subscribers. Five horses started. The race was won by Astonished. Summary:—

The Duke of Newcastle's Abstinence..... 1
W. S. Crawford's b f Juanita..... 2
Count Batthyany's br f Thor..... 3

Betting.—Two to one against Abstinence, two to one against Juanita and two to one against Thor.

The fourth race was for the Bishop's Hall Stakes of 100 sovereigns each, for colts; closed with five subscribers. The race was won by the favorite Meteor. Summary:—

C. Alexander's b c Meteor..... 1
Lord Falmouth's Stromboli..... 2

Betting.—Two to one on Meteor.

The next race was for the Trial Stakes, and was won by Vespasian. Summary:—

Mr. Chaplin's Vespasian..... 1
Baron Rothschild's Hippia..... 2
Mr. Fleming's Van Amburgh..... 3

Betting.—Two to one on Vespasian; five to one against Hippia, and five to one against Van Amburgh. Seven horses started.

The last and most exciting race was for the Great Eastern Handicap. Eighteen horses started. The race was won by Snowdrop. Summary:—

J. Dixon's Snowdrop..... 1
Duke of Hamilton's Leonie..... 2
Sir F. Johnstone's Historian..... 3

Betting.—10 to 1 against Snowdrop, 7 to 1 against Leonie, 12 to 1 against Historian.

The last race was for the Granby Stakes of thirty sovereigns each; closed with fifteen subscribers. Six horses started. The race was won by the Duke of Newcastle's filly by Y. Melbourne, out of Lady Hawthorne. Summary:—

Duke of Newcastle's filly..... 1
Count Batthyany's Typhon..... 2
Mr. Norman's The Egean..... 3

Betting.—Even on the filly, 5 to 1 against Typhon, 5 to 1 against Egean.

SECOND DAY, SEPT 23D.

The first race was for the second year of the Twentieth Triennial Produce Stakes of ten sovereigns each; closed with fifty-five subscribers. Eight horses started. The race was won by Samos. Summary:—

J. Jackson's ch c Samson..... 1
Baron Rothschild's b f Nyanza..... 2
Mr. Payne's br c Citron..... 3

Betting.—6 to 1 against Samos, 3 to 1 agst Nyanza and 8 to 1 agst Citron.

The second race was the Biennial Sweepstakes of 500 sovs each, 200 forfeit, each subscriber to name six colts or fillies; closed with four subscribers. Five horses started. The race was won by Lord Glasgow's b c by First Flight, dam by Young Melbourne, out of Maid of Masham. Summary:—

Lord Glasgow's b c..... 1
Duke of Beaufort's by Glenmasson, out of Figtree..... 2
Duke of Newcastle's Tenedos..... 3

Betting.—6 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's colt, 50 to 1 agst the Duke of Beaufort's colt and even on the Duke of Newcastle's colt.

The third race was for the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs each, with 300 added, for three year olds; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs and the third to save his stake; closed with 49 subscribers. Seven horses started. The race was won by Restitution. Summary:—

Baron Rothschild's Restitution..... 1
Marquis of Hastings' See-Saw..... 2
Lord Zetland's br c Gesant des Batailles..... 3

Betting.—10 to 1 agst Restitution, 10 to 1 agst See-Saw, 4 to 1 agst Lord Zetland's colt.

THIRD DAY, SEPT. 24TH.

The Triennial Produce Stakes, ten sovereigns each, fifty subscribers, were won by Mr. Merry's b c by Stockwell, beating Sir R. W. Buckley's br c Martinique, second, and Poinsettia third. Seven ran. The betting at the start was two to one against Merry's colt, five to one against Martinique, and twelve to one against Poinsettia.

The Rutland Stakes, of thirty sovereigns each, for two year olds, with twelve subscribers, was won by the colt Lincoln, beating Lord Falmouth's ch c Stromboli, second, and the Duke of Newcastle's b f Lady Dar, third. Six ran. The betting was five to one against Lincoln, and two to one against Tromboli and Lady Dar.

FOURTH DAY, SEPT. 25TH.

The first race was for the Forlorn Stakes of 100 sovereigns each, for two year olds, the second horse to save his stake. The entries closed with six subscribers. Three horses started, and came in in the following order:—Marquis of Hastings' Lady Cecelia, first; Count F. De Lagrange's M'lle de Gulse, second; Mr. Chaplin's chestnut filly by Newminster, third. The betting before the race was 2 to 1 against Mr. Chaplin's filly.

The second race was for a sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns each, for two year olds; closed with eight subscribers. Three horses started, and came in in the following order:—Mr. Joseph Dawson's De Vere, first; Mr. Keene's Athelstone, second; The Duke of Newcastle's Lure, third. The betting was as follows:—3 to 1 against De Vere, 12 to 1 against Athelstone, and 3 to 1 against Lure.

The third race was for a sweepstakes of 300 sovereigns each, for two year olds; closed with five subscribers. Two horses started. The following is the summary:—Mr. Chaplin's Sister to Hermit, 1; Mr. Pryor's Bagpipes, 2. The following was the rate of betting:—5 to 1 against Mr. Chaplin's filly and 5 to 1 against Bagpipes.

The fourth race was for a sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns each, for three year old fillies; closed with eleven subscribers. Three started, and came in as follows:—Sir R. Bulkeley's Martinique, 1; Mr. Jay's Luna, 2; Mr. Launde's Minaret, 3. The betting was 3 to 1 against Luna and 3 to 1 against Minaret.

The last race was for the Norton Stakes, 100 sovereigns each; closed with five subscribers. Only two started. The race was won by the favorite, Lord Portsmouth's br f, by Vengeance (or Atherstone) beating Mr. Alexander's colt, Meteor. The betting was 2 to 1 against Meteor.

The Doncaster Races.

We have already given a brief telegraphic account of the important annual race meeting at Doncaster, England, and we herewith present full particulars of the two principal events thereof, taken from the *Sporting Life*:—

THE ST. LEGER DAY, SEPT. 9TH.

THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs each, for three year olds; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies, 8st 5lb; second to receive 150 sovs; St. Leger Course (1 mile 6 furs. 132 yards). 234 subs.

W. Graham's ch c Formosa, by Buccaneer—Ellen, 8st 5lb..... J. Challoner 1
Hodgman's br c Paul Jones, by Buccaneer—Queen of the Gipsies, 8st 10lb..... Fordham 2
J. Johnstone's b c Mercury, by Lambton—Starlight, 8st 10lb..... Custance 3
Mr. Bowes' b c The Spy, by Underhand—Victoria, 8st 10lb..... J. Goater 4
See-Saw, St. Ronan, ch c by Buccaneer, Orion, King Alfred, Viscount, Typhoeus and Virtue, also started.

Betting.—100 to 30 each agst Formosa and King Alfred, 5 to 1 agst Viscount, 100 to 15 agst Paul Jones, 7 to 1 agst See-Saw, 11 to 1 agst Typhoeus, 100 to 6 agst St. Ronan, 25 to 1 agst Mercury, 66 to 1 each agst Victoria and Orion, 100 to 1 against the Spy and 1,000 to 5 agst Virtue. Place betting.—7 to 4 on Formosa, 6 to 4 on King Alfred, 6 to 4 each agst Viscount and Paul Jones, 2 to 1 agst See-Saw, 5 to 2 agst Typhoeus, 7 to 2 agst Mercury and 4 to 1 agst St. Ronan.

The twelve runners reached the post at 3.15, the time fixed for the start, but the first attempt was frustrated by a break away. Another insignificant break away succeeded, and then, at 3.19, the flag was lowered to a beautiful start. See-Saw was the quickest away, Virtue, Typhoeus and the first Viscount and Paul Jones following closely in advance of the field; but when they had fairly settled down into their strides, See-saw was pulled back, and Orion took the command, Typhoeus and The Spy lying in close attendance upon him, St. Ronan, Mercury, the Viscounts colt and Virtue being just in the wake of the Whitewall outsider, the rear being brought up by See-Saw and King Alfred. After they had gone about three hundred yards, The Spy, for the purpose of serving his stable companion, Viscount, took up the running, at the same time improving the pace. Mr. Bowes' colt had soon a clear lead of Orion and Mercury in the centre of the course, Typhoeus having a track to himself on the outside, Paul Jones being discernible on the left, with St. Ronan at his quarters, the Viscountess colt and Formosa following almost in a line with the last mentioned pair and clear of Viscount, lying well up in the rush, which was still brought up by See-Saw and the Baron's colt. The latter was maintained for a quarter of a mile, the only notable change which occurred being the improved position taken by Virtue, who closed up with St. Ronan, Paul Jones, and Formosa. In this way they disappeared from sight, but on emerging from behind the hill The Spy was seen to have increased his lead, having now an advantage of fully four lengths of Orion, who was pursued by Mercury and Viscount, Paul Jones, Typhoeus, St. Ronan, Formosa, Virtue, and the Viscountess succeeding. Before reaching the Rifle Butts the Viscountess colt and Virtue were in trouble, their retirement from the van being taken advantage of by See Saw and King Alfred, both of whom gradually crept from the rear, French taking a line for himself on the outside with Lord Wilton's colt. As they ran towards the Red House, Orion, Mercury, and Viscount began to decrease The Spy's lead, but a few strides further on Mr. Beadman's horse was in difficulties, swerving both to the right and Paul Jones, who, with St. Ronan, were slightly in front of Formosa, but in rear of Mercury and Viscount, See Saw being quite as forward as Paul Jones, but wide on the outside; the most prominent of the remainder, as they made the bend at the Red House, being Typhoeus and King Alfred. Directly the turn was made, Viscount was disposed of, and after making one futile attempt to hold his ground, beat a retreat to the rear. Before the half mile post was reached, St. Ronan, Typhoeus, and King Alfred were in trouble, the latter rolling all over the course when Daley called upon him to take a more improved position. The issue was then left to The Spy, Mercury, Paul Jones, Orion, See-Saw, and Formosa, the first-named retaining his advantage to the half-mile post, where he held out signals of distress, and on retiring Fordham brought Paul Jones up on the outside of Mercury, taking up the running with a lead of about half a length on the Middleham horse, the Spy, See-Saw and Formosa following at a slight interval. This was the order of the field, a quarter of a mile from home, and the Spy at the same time gave way to Formosa, who was now left in third place. A few strides beyond the distance Mercury got almost level with Paul Jones, but the latter soon had him in trouble, and loud shouts proclaimed the success of Mr. Hodgman's colt. Formosa, however, gradually crept up, got level with Paul Jones, and from the commencement of the stand enclosure she forged ahead of her half brother, winning a very fine race by a length, Challoner easing the "steam engine" when he found he had no chance of again heading the mare. Mercury was three lengths in rear of the Chester Cup winner, while The Spy, a dozen lengths off, was fourth; See-Saw was ninth, Typhoeus sixth, and Virtue seventh, the lot being separated by slight intervals; King Alfred, who pulled up lame, was eighth, Orion ninth, St. Ronan tenth, the Viscountess colt also pulling up lame, eleventh, the last of all being Viscount. Net value of the stakes, £6,825. Duration of the race, as taken by Benson's Chronograph, 3 min. 19½ sec.

THE CUP DAY, SEPT. 11TH.

THE DONCASTER CUP, value 305 sovs; weight for age; penalties and allowances; Cup Course (about 2 miles 1 furl.).

Mr. Johnstone's

MY RIVAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

O, eyes that brighten with love or hate;
O, words that can both gladden and grieve;
O, smile that lures my poor, fond heart,
To cherish her more than believe.
To-day the sun may be bright enough—
For her words are sweet, and her laugh is light—
But sorrow may come with another sun,
And my hopes be plunged in the dark of night.

But yester noon she swore to me
As I sat by her side, on yon grassy knoll,
That she thought and dreamed of no other one,
And that I was the idol of her soul;
But last night as we strolled out on the lawn,
Under the moon, to hear the band,
I heard them whispering rapid and low—
And saw HIM kiss her on the hand!

He must perish! I know of no other way!
None other than this, that I can remove
The only obstacle standing between
Me, and the lady of my love!
I will plunge my poignard deep in his heart!
Be quiet my soul, and feel no fear!
Stay!—a safer way suggests itself—
I'll ask him to drink—and poison his beer!

J. H. B.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 24.—On the "Five Points."

Nothing appears to have troubled the Common Council of this metropolis, even when in its budding condition, more than the agglomeration of the criminal and poverty-stricken of the population in certain and well defined limits, the repute of which gradually became so notorious as to alarm timid landholders as to the ultimate spread of the contagious communities. In all great cities, and in New York especially, people of distinctive nationalities and particular habits and callings instinctively herd within a common fold. From its very origin our city was inhabited by immigrants from many European nations, all bringing with them the specialties of their industrial and social conditions; and of late years the cosmopolitan character of our municipality is demonstrated from the entirely different natures of the various localities comprised within the limits of Manhattan Island. Correctly speaking, New York is a confederation of towns, inhabited almost exclusively by people of antagonistic races, who find convenience and comfort in congregating in comparative exclusion. Let a stranger skirt the East river in the upper wards, and he will find that entire quarter of the city in the possession of Teutons and their descendants; and even this quarter is subdivided as regards local origin or the religious profession of the population. One precinct is tenanted wholly by German Papists, another by Hebrews and another by lineal comers from Protestant regions. Traverse another section of the town, and you see nought but French and Italian names, with the tongues of those countries as the ordinary means of intercommunication. And, in a like manner, other portions of the city are characterized by separate nationalities.

The region of the Five Points was, a few years back, a mere suburb of the city, touching upon the Collect or fresh water, once washing its ground now covered by the halls of justice and the surrounding neighborhood. As the original Knickerbocker plain and plodding citizens in the neighborhood of the Points became deserted, to follow in the wake of fashion and trade, they fell into the hands of the poorer classes, driven to a common resort through pressure of improvement and commerce. The poor must have a shelter for their heads as well as the rich, and the decaying mansions of the Points offered, as it continues to offer, the only available asylum to the homeless, the penniless, the poverty stricken. Crime and vice, dissipation and dissoluteness, followed in the retiring steps of luxury, and when being the asylum of the poor and the unfortunate the Points were converted into a harbor of refuge for thieves, harlots, and criminals of every die, sicking annually in degradation as the competition in even their vile calling augmented through increase in numbers within a circumscribed limit. Honest poverty buffeted ill fortune for a time; the contest was unequal and hopeless, and the poverty stricken either subsided into death or fell martyrs to the contagion of crime.

The visit of Charles Dickens to the Poin's and his subsequent description of them and their tenants awakened a morbid desire to explore the mysteries of a locality even shunned by the law abiding, order loving citizens of that day. As Eugene Sue conferred immortality upon his imaginary pictures of "La Cite," his "Fleurs de Marie," and other buckram creations—the hallucinations of a romancer's brain—in like manner did Mr. Dickens create an unfair and unjust impression as to the moral plague spot, bad enough in all goodness, but not one half the pestilential hole he has represented.

Years before Box visited the Points they had been purified in a measure of their most baneful element by a vigorous action of the municipality, who, aiming at the ultimate eradication of an evil whose proportions were, in the eyes of our local rulers, appallingly astounding, insisted upon compulsory desertion of the place by the scores of prostitutes who, with their attendant pimps, generally thieves of a low degree, were at that time wide spread over the city. The greater mass emigrated to the confines of the town towards the foot of Grand street, on the East river, and took possession of that section known as Corlear's Hook. The municipalty soon regretted their ill-timed movement, for the exodus carried with it the elements of lawlessness and disorder previously complained of, and transplanted them to a more propitious region, where, taking root, they increased with alarming fecundity.

The 'Hook" outrivaled the Points in notoriety, and was a far more dangerous locality, as was demonstrated by the chronicles of crime of that period. Prostitution in its most obnoxious form, murder, rapine and robbery ruled supreme along the river's shore, the victims being most drawn from among mariners, a class of men indifferent as to danger and reckless as to consequences. Whole neighborhoods to fled in agony of despair before the inroads of criminality, and while the people at the Points were confined within definite limits, the colony at the Hook spread itself uninterruptedly over a new and sparsely settled territory, which, a few years ago, flourished in perfection of dissipation and vice, a few relics of which are still to be encountered in perilous contiguous to our shipping wharves.

The dated house was the great institution of the Hook as at the Points, but no comparison can be made in the moral dam s done by each respectively. Points was t[he] d licentio- ... life, ... as it was facetiously ... ickering ... ay, filthy and begrimed with ... dips or blazing knots of pine ... ers men accept in vice, youths prematurely old ... incarceration within its every walls; and women, bloated with villainous rum, fallen almost to anatomies, were living skeletons, wasted by privation, debauchery and incurable diseases, clothed in flimsey rags, the embodiment of squalid misery. With such a spectacle presented to him as he crossed the threshold of a pestiferous den, could any man of ordinary intelligence be deceived or entrapped, especially as the approach to these temples of fallen humanity could only be effected by passing through dark and gloomy streets, illuminated only by the lights of not frequent groggeries faintly piercing their way through half closed shutters and semi-glazed doors? The first view of such a scene was revolting, and a continued contemplation of its disgusting features in detail harrowed the very soul at thought to what use, to what abuse of wretchedness the children of iniquity could descend.

Upon the Hook the dance house was a very different affair, and created mainly to allure the irreflective seaman, who failed not to pass their doors opening upon wide thoroughfares running down to the river's edge. At their portals generally stood a bevy of lewd syrens, youthful yet of coarse linen and vulgar visage, bedecked in tawdry finery, luring and ogling each passerby with a winning, licentious smile. Artful and tutored to their task, these decoys, with the hectic flush of premature decay glowing on their cheeks, rarely failed to tempt the thoughtless mariner, who, sailor-like, courted rather than shunned folly. The door open, you enter upon a spacious room, generally on the ground floor, neatly painted or its walls covered with a colored wash, gaily illuminated with some dozen or more brilliantly burning lamps. Around its side are commodious benches and at its end stands an ample bar, around which lounge well attired females, who clamorously demand that each incomer shall pay his footing by a general treat. And then again we have music played upon a couple of violins by men in semi-sailor rig, who execute jigs and other dances familiar to poor Jack's ear, which floats him away irresistible, as it were, even against his will, along with the current of dissipation in which he finds himself, as if by magic involved.

The syrens at the door have been well posted as to the character of the persons they accost. They have acquired their parts through experience and tact, and consequently are shrewd judges of a man's personal appearance, besides, they are well aware that if they capture a prize they participate in the spoils—in a small way, it is true, but then every dollar earned by the sweat of sin is a waif thrown by chance and not to be despised. Moreover the proprietors of these saloons, the owners of the women body and soul, have taken precautions to known their customers by having "touters," or emissaries circulating amid the throng announcing where the best business it is not only to bring fish to the net but to report the financial condition of the men. Hence the sailor is marked for depredation oftentimes before he leaves the vessel's side.

When Mr. Dickens visited the Points it was with a parade fatal to all hope to observe the peculiarities of the inhabitants of the place, whose locality and exterior appearance he has artistically described. Thieves and malefactors are repugnant to show in the presence of strangers, much less in that of policemen, hence, despite the services of able officers, uncommunicative creatures from habit, he failed to note the variations in character presented at every turn in this labyrinth of wickedness which cannot escape an observant and almost solitary visitor. Consequently he peopled our Points with creatures, such as he had studied at St. Giles' and other of the back slums of the great metropolis.

Before the establishment of the little triangular park in the heart of the Points, which created an area destroying the dense obscurity of the locality, that portion of the place was occupied by a long row of wooden rookeries, a little over two stories in height, which were tenanted almost wholly by indigent families—the professional vagrants and beggars of the city. Intermingled with these were doubtlessly a collection of the meaner order of thieves, ranking at the base of the profession, whose operations were limited to the carrying off trivial and exposed articles, such as scraps of old iron, door mats, stray keys, and other goods which the owner would not take especial pains to recover. Among thieves there is, or at least used to be, an order of chivalry and a table of precedence, divided into thirty grades, denoting the estimation in which the relative branches of the criminal profession are held by those engaged in it. So stringently were these distinctions adhered to that it was regarded impossible for rascals of a different degree to fraternize or associate. The "cracksman," or burglar, despised companionship with the pickpocket, "cly faker," who in return cast looks of disdain upon confidence operators, "duffers and smashers." And it was in consequence of this rigid etiquette that criminals of the higher grades rarely herded with the smaller fry of the Points, unless driven to that place as a temporary asylum, or when the run of fortune had entirely forsaken them.

Few of the families in the rookeries, as well as in the 'Old Brewery," a large dismantled edifice which has since given place to a missionary institution, could boast possession of more than a single apartment, frequently roughly constructed of rude partitions traversing the more spacious lofts, penetrable to the wintry blasts or the least obnoxious air. Within these abodes of squalidness, destitute of furniture, beds, or even ordinary bedding, grouped indiscriminately the male and female members of a family, oftimes of a half a score in number, grand parents and grandchildren, wives, husbands and children, heaped promiscuously upon a pile of moulding straw, amid an [illegible] and sickening atmosphere, rendered doubly insupportable from fumes of oft smoked pipes and the odor of drunken breaths. Go where you will in these receptacles of penury and misery the liquor bar and the dudeen reigned supreme, for to feed these two so-called consolators went a major portion of the wages earned by hours of toil, robbed for weeks of prolonged intoxication.

Occasionally could be found, intermixed with this crowd of mongrel tenantry, which comprised blacks as well as whites for there was but little distinction as to color on the Points, strong persons who aspired to maintain a caricature of shabby gentility, who occupied rooms generally on the ground floor, with rag carpets and the debris of cabinet furniture. These personages constituted the speculative class of this god-forsaken place. If men, they were money lenders, goods brokers, receivers of stolen property, dealers in small wares, and most generally agents for policy vendors. If females, they professed knowledge of the occult sciences, of the interpretation of dreams, of medical treatment—harpies who, despite their apparent poverty, grew rich on the superstition and credulity of their unfortunate and degraded neighbors. Fortune tellers, and above all, prognosticators of lucky numbers, were held in high repute with the denizens of the Points, who firmly believed in the divinity of their pretended gifts and never failed to consult them in hours of trial and danger.

The rookeries were swept away and a patch of green grass supplied their place. This stroke of municipal policy dispersed a handful of the vagrant population for a time, and the Points were momentarily threatened with regeneration. But the surroundings of the demolished buildings in no wise changed, as regards external appearance, while the antiquated contents of the remaining buildings received an additional infusion of depravity. So accustomed and habituated had become the former residents of the Points to the locality wherein they had expended years of precarious existence, so acclimated were they to the impure atmosphere of the place, naturally resembling a saucer, from its position in low grounds, that annually hundreds, who had migrated elsewhere, returned to their ancient haunts, preferring these dark and insalubrious abodes to the pure air of up town. Singular as it may appear there are families on the confines of this inauspicious region who have been born on this tainted soil and their parents before them.

There were many entrances to the Points, but Anthony street may be considered the Broadway of the district, as it afforded a ready means of communicating with the outside world. Besides, it contained a larger proportion of groggeries and places of public resort, while Cross, Little Water and the side streets boasted the possession of the small stores, receptacles of discarded clothing, of third class groceries, of broken down furniture, and of the other odds and ends of civilization, upon acquisition of which the forlorn ones of the Points expended the refuse of their earnings

Descending Anthony street, you first encountered a corner grocery, before whose doors, seated upon headless barrels, generally lounged the idlers, male and female, of the district, for the store was more resorted to on account of its sale of three cent rum. The interior of the place, on the one side, is crowded with barrels filled with decaying vegetables, mouldy potatoes and that class of commodities usually in demand where cheapness is the substitute for quality. From the walls hang smoked hams, smoked beef and strings of onions, intermixed with brushes, pails and pieces of domestic hardware. From the quantity of onions, one is led to suppose that the Five Pointers, like the monks of La Trappe, subsisted on that ancient vegetable. Behind the counter are a few tin boxes, devoid of their original lacquer from wear of age and use, and countless boxes, in which soap and tallow candles seem to have been packed, and with this variety of necessary articles the grocery department can be disposed of. At the end of the grace-coated counter, furthermost from the door, a portion is railed off and constitutes the inevitable bar. A tin basin holds a half dozen or so of thick tumblers of light greenish glass, with formidable bottoms, deceptive to the sight, while upon the shelf behind are ranged some score of tall-necked bottles. A beer barrel stands in the extreme corner, and in these articles we have the most lucrative portion of the grocer's trade, for no purchaser enters the murky store without indulging in a consolatory drink, be their sex as it may.

A few doors further on, we come to a veritable liquor saloon, patronized by the more influential of the neighborhood, by young men, finished rogues, of more refined robbery, and by women, decked in better habiliments than the grocery patrons, who have dropped in either to seek their lovers or to find some male partner willing to defray expenses for the enjoyment of a dance. These women are ordinarily of Hibernian origin, in too many instances emigrant girls corrupted by seamen on their passage, and turned out here to earn a livelihood as best they can. Among them are at times bright mulattoes, inveigled from their Southern homes in a search for freedom, who are the more favored of their sex, the most contented and better treated by the males, who exhibit a singular preference for ladies of a mixed hue.

The drinking saloon has little furniture save deal tables and well worn stools, of which an ample quantity is ever on hand. The walls are ornamented with flashily colored prints—portraits of Presidents, of army officers, and delineations of engagements by sea and land, while the main decoration of the bar is the model of some vessel, a pilot boat, or favorite merchantman full rigged with sails set, and occasionally a small bird or beast. The tables and stools are, after nightfall, in constant use, having been taken possession of by gangs of gamblers, who persist in playing the live night long, for these drinking shops rarely admit the light of day. At one table are grouped a half a dozen men, day laborers, longshore men, half drunken sailors and well dressed youths, who anxiously stake against the dealer at a game of sweat, their sixpences, quarters and dollars, and anxiously scan the turn of the dice. At another table, equally well patronized, a man has improvised faro, dealing from his hand, with a "lay out" sketched in chalk upon the table top. At still another but in a more remote corner, a select party are indulging in draw poker. The players and their backers are evidently flush, for a good pile of money lays before them, and all conversation is carried on in semi-whispers. The games progress quietly during the earlier part of the night, marred only by casual interruptions when the entrance of some urchin, sorely out of breath, gives the alarm of some unwelcome approach. Almost instantaneously a portion of the players disappear, descending into cellars or passing through side doors. A couple of men enter and narrowly scrutinize the assembled crowd of patrons; the proprietor of the saloon salutes them graciously, and invites them most generously to imbibe, an invitation refused, as after a futile search with their eyes into every nook of the public apartments, the men depart, with evident reluctance. They are officers charged with the arrest of some criminal, and as the numerous frequenters are unaware as to the precise individual required, all present seek safety for the moment. The urchin is rewarded and again goes forth on a scout, the missing players cautiously return and the game is renewed.

After midnight, when the workings of the many libations consumed by the gamesters begin to evidence themselves, the labor of the barkeeper and his assistants, for his own security demands a special guard, becomes most arduous in the checking outbursts of passion and of violence, which show themselves in every quarter. When the players are sufficiently rational he calms them through expostulation, when helpless by drink he summarily expels them, leaving them to the mercy of strolling courtezans and of the night air; but with troublesome customers, quarrelsome through drink, he is at his wit's ends until a general fight relieves him from suspense. A slight protection brings on the inevitable *denouement*, for as the fight is essentially free, no spectator is supposed to remain neutral. The barkeepers, armed with bludgeons, belabor friend and foe, tumblers and decanters fly [illegible] vollies, stools are broken up to [illegible] aggressive arm[illegible] ...hood is alarmed and rush ... is transferred to the ... to minister to the ... of the sable-visaged ... batters and barricade ... detectives have not been idle, ... of prisoners, for whom a week's ... will be found handcuffed and on their ... tombs, conveniently located not more than two ... from these scenes of revelry and disorder.

In contrast to these above ground saloons we have subterranean resorts, occupying nearly every basement along the street, and accessible only by descending a flight of stone steps or of ricketty stairs. These dens below the surface of the ground are nominally open for transient lodgers, homeless vagabonds, expending a few cents for a night's repose, but in reality they are but dram shops, where inebriates after swallowing a few gills of the villainous concoctions therein vended, are allowed to sleep off the effects of their debauch. They numbered at one time on the Points as many as three hundred, and some idea can be formed of the amount of misery and suffering produced from absence of license laws and healthy police discipline. In these holes men and women were heaped promiscuously upon sheafs of straw, half mildewed from the dampness of the basements, or rather cellars, wherein they were stored, and covered, without being allowed to undress, with bits of tarpaulin, old rags, and any such material as could be stolen or picked up in the streets. The price of lodgings for the night in these cellars varied from two to six cents, according to the position allotted to the lodger.

The main feature with visitors at the Points was Pete Williams' dance house, so celebrated by Dickens' visit. It was generally known as Almack's, but in what respect it resembled the great London Assembly it behooves Dickens to tell. The magnitude of the ball-room and its out of the way position, being located on a blind alley, since known as Dickens' Place, together with the general good order and propriety with which the details of the entertainments therein enacted were conducted, are possibly the main reasons why the dancers of the Points gave a preference to Mr. Williams' establishment. Pete himself was a character; he had grown rich at his business, owned a team of fast horses, patronized the trotting turf, and, although a negro, he kept a handsome white woman as a mistress. His ball-room was modeled exactly after the Water street principle, with the exception that he charged a moderate admission fee for male visitors, ladies, of course, free. His musicians were of the best talent the African race could produce, while one or two ebony professors of song enlivened the monotony of the dance with occasional execution of popular melodies. Another point added to Pete's popularity; every visitor was safe from robbery or maltreatment while under his protection, notwithstanding the equivocal character of his patrons. Besides, he kept a private demijohn of really good brandy, and allowed none, while in his domicile, to shame modesty by lewd acts, gestures or obscene language. Pete Williams was a Great Mogul on the Points, and his importance and authority, very rarely despised or threatened, was derived from a well settled belief in his intimate relations with the police magistracy, who were often times compelled to solicit his co-operation in discharge of their duties.

Pete's mistress was a tall, remarkably handsome girl, of some twenty years of age when I last saw her, who had accepted her humiliating position mostly through misfortune and partly through inclination. When but fifteen she eloped from a fashionable seminary with a circus rider, whom she abandoned upon arrival in this city on account of his cruelty towards her. She subsequently became attached to a young man, a clerk in a large Broadway establishment. To support an extravagant style of life her new lover forged upon his employers, was convicted and sentenced for a long term in the State Prison. The knowledge of having been the cause of the young man's misconduct, and the notoriety which ensued upon her connection with him, threw her into a delirium, during which she was transferred to a public institution. Upon her recovery she attempted reformation and endeavored to earn her living by labor. Her reputation had preceded her, and to avoid the importunities of those from whom she sought employment she buried herself amid the wilderness of the Points. It was here that Pete encountered her, and the better to exhibit the detestation in which he held white men she consented to cohabit with a negro, who was able to appreciate the extent of her sacrifice.

The Points have undergone immense changes since the days I recollect its peculiarities, yet it still stands a plague spot upon the very confines of our business world, and there it is likely to remain until capital slowly undermines its foundations, as will be the case before many years roll over our heads.

CHINESE STREET JUGGLERS.—Street jugglers and mountebanks abound in Canton, and in fact in every Chinese city. They also travel from place to place throughout the country, displaying their feats and picking up a few cash here and there. As a general thing their juggling feats do not amount to a great deal, yet some of them are very clever, and would create fully as much of a theatrical furore in the United States as did the Japanese performers. Sword swallowing and stone-eating appear to be the commonest feats, and operators of this description can be seen in almost every street. One fellow, however, performed a number of feats in front of our hotel which demand from me more than a passing notice. He stationed himself in the centre of the street, and having blown a blast upon a bugle to give warning that he was about to begin his entertainment, he took a small lemon or orange tree, which was covered with fruit, and balanced it upon his head. He then blew a sort of chirruping whistle, when immediately a number of rice-birds came from every direction and settled upon the boughs of the bush he balanced or fluttered about his head. He then took a cup in his hand and began to rattle some seeds in it, when the birds disappeared. Taking a small bamboo tube, he next took the seeds, and putting one in it, blew it at one of the fruit, when it opened, and out flew one of the birds, which fluttered about the circle surrounding the performer. He continued to shoot his seeds at the oranges until nearly a dozen birds were released. He then removed the tree from his forehead, and setting it down, took up a dish, which he held above his head, when all the birds flew into it, then covered it over with a cover, and giving it a whirl or two about his head, opened it and displayed a quantity of eggs, the shells of which he broke with a little stick, releasing a bird from each shell. The trick was neatly performed, and defied detection from my eyes. The next trick was equally clever and difficult of detection. Borrowing a handkerchief from one of his spectators, he took an orange, cut a small hole in it, then squeezed all the juice out, and crammed the handkerchief into it. Giving the handkerchief to a by-stander to hold, he caught up a tea-pot and began to pour a cup of tea from it, when the spout became clogged. Looking into the pot apparently for the purpose of detecting what was the matter, he pulled out the handkerchief and returned it to the owner. He next took the orange from the bystander and cut it open, when it was found to be full of rice. He performed a number of very pleasing feats, but I have given enough to satisfy the reader that they are equally as expert as the Japanese.

☞ Welling's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, constipation, with flatulency, headache, languor and all weaknesses of the digestive organs; pleasant to the taste and convenient to carry. Sold by the druggists. 25-4t

LIFE IN ODD CORNERS.

Recollections of Hours passed in the "Shades."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The nations of antiquity had their "Shades" (not those of which [illegible] Plato wrote, but quiet houses of call in sequestered streets, where the weary citizen might ask for his glass of "summ'at to drink" and his plate of sardines or scallops, and while away the time in social converse with his chums), and in the exhumed city of Pompeii is still pointed out by the guides a house of this sort, on the tables of which are to be seen the marks of the tumblers just where the customers set them down in their panic flight during the eruption of Vesuvius, which buried that town. Most European cities of any note have their "inns," and in London nearly all the drinking is done in quiet streets, the American "bar-room," with its possible crowd of all sorts, having never been naturalized there.

It is something, when the wind is roaring about the street corners and the snow is falling in drifts, to the great inconvenience of pedestrian locomotion, to have a snug, cozy place of this kind to drop in at—some quiet parlor, for instance, where your choice titbits are served up by careful, painstaking hands in the style you love best, and where your beer comes to your table frothing and foaming, and your favorite spirits are what they profess to be; while the punches betray an intimate acquaintance with the laboratory whence Jove derived his nectars. And where, also, it may be noted, the treatment is of that sort which enables one to realize the poet's meaning when he wrote of—

"Taking mine ease in mine inn."

These places of public entertainment, generally known as "Shades Houses," were coeval with the days of Knickerbocker respectability and comfort, the resort known as "Old Richardson's Beer House" having been one of the earliest of its kind in the city of Manhattan. The dissipation of our fathers took no wider range than this until the rapid increase in population and the hurry and bustle consequent upon the commercial activity which marks a new era in worldly affairs, gave rise to the habit of indiscriminate drinking at bars. The more wealthy and pretentious, as well as the traveling community proper, patronized the City Hotel and Washington Hall; the merchants preferred the Tontine, and the brokers Delmonico's; the nautical and shipping interest flocked in shoals to George W. Brown's, whose establishment was famous for the quality of its wines and victuals. In the early days of the Battery, in the days when Castle Garden was in its glory, Peter Bayard was about the only one of note who catered for the wants of promenaders. Quiet, easy going people and members of the liberal professions gave their preference to the Shades, the proprietors of which chose to be satisfied with the profits of the legitimate if somewhat tardy business of an inn to the rushing profits and unhealthy excitements of the gilded saloons. As the city grew these retreats were the innovations of the outer portions, extending northward from Thames and Liberty streets to Howard, and at last to Houston street. For a long time Dillon's "Rainbow" was a great centre of attraction, being the headquarters of up-town theatricals and men of letters, and also the abiding place of "Major Smith," a stout, short old gentleman with hair of silvery whiteness, whom many of our readers will remember for his unpertinable politeness, his ruffled shirt front and wrists, and not enough, and a vein of genial humor with which, in the intervals of relaxation, he enlivened the social board. For a long time after Dillon's removal to Beekman street, Major Smith continued to be a landmark to the frequenters of the Shades Houses, his equal as a model of deportment and publican hospitality having been rarely met with since his day. The printers had their resorts in classic Ann street, at one of which the famous Richard Adams Locke was wont to explode his nitro-glycerine to a select party of convivialists, and Attree, the editorial factotum of the *Herald*, was accustomed to command the attention of listeners, even when most in his cups. There, too, would many of the legal lights resort to talk over their arguments and discuss bygone cases. The sportsmen who assembled at the Woodcock, in Houston street, were presided over by "Bob Sinclair," who was the very personification of a prosperous landlord, though somewhat too stately in bearing to suit any but aristocratic customers. All the actors, and all scholars and schools, whose footsteps have echoed over the floors of these popular resorts, the sites of most of which are now occupied by imposing warehouses or still more costly hotels!

On the Bowery side of the city the institution was slow in taking root, and was never extensively patronized under the old system. We remember a "public" kept in Walker street by "Tom Blakely," one of the most sterling actors of former times, whose peculiar line of characters required a genteel comedy gave him a wide reputation in days when to be a great actor was not always to be placed above pecuniary want. He resigned his profession in the hour of the drama's greatest depression—when the Park Theatre, of which he was an ornament, opened its doors nightly, with the most powerful constellation of talent ever witnessed in America, to empty boxes, and a first class theatre could only involve its proprietors in bankruptcy. Had he remained in the profession until now he would have amassed a handsome fortune, and have filled a conspicuous niche in the dramatic temple of fame. Among his guests who can forget Nat Bannister, the author and actor, and whilom critic, who wrote the equestrian drama of "Putnam," for which he received a paltry fifty dollars, while the piece netted many thousands for the lessee of the old Bowery. Nat was young, witty and accomplished, and could write upon his favorite topics of feminine beauty and life in the higher walks with a glowing pen, but was prevented from aspiring by a too great addiction to the pleasures of the bowl. His friends, with whom he was a prime favorite, wondered what singular perversion of intellect could influence him, for in his sober moments none could "better point a moral" than "Nat" himself, but at last the truth came out, in a manner most unexpected. Stern winter was at hand, the theatre had been burned, and Nat was thrown upon the town with a seedy coat and a family to provide for. His steps had been dogged for weeks by petty duns, so that he was obliged [illegible] avoid publicity, being in the condition of the m[illegible] Dickens, for whom the [illegible] one three (figuratively speaking) by a [illegible] of another by a bill for [illegible] ad infinitum. At length, being [illegible] ...ed a note to the most [illegible] ...rs, ...ing them to dinner. Anticipating a gentlem[illegible] ...nds, they called at the rickety tenement in the Bowery designated by his note. They were ushered in by a boy in scanty raiment (he would have made a capital representative of Smike), who conducted them, shivering with cold, up a flight of steps which "Putnam" would have thought over twice before descending. They entered a garret, void of carpet and almost nude of furniture, where, over a cracked stove that gave scarce any heat, sat a bent and withered crone who was nursing a baby, with several ragged children about her, clamoring for food. Nat, clad in a faded coat of the Dick Swiveller pattern, invited them into his premises with a gush of hospitality and an unnaturally hilarious air, singing as he did so,

"Will you walk into my parlor,
Said the spider to the fly."

They looked suspiciously around. On a three-legged pine table stood a platter containing a loaf of bread. A kettle of beans was slowly boiling upon the fire. Nat introduced his visitors cheertully to his family.

"Empress of my heart, tutelar saint of my young heart's guileless affections, these are the friends I told you I expected."

"What's that you say about studying a part—have you got an engagement?" replied this very old woman, whom Nat had married as a histrionic celebrity, holding up an ear horn tremblingly.

"I say I have managed to prevail on these gentlemen to call—" went on Nat.

"O, the manager and the call-boy? Gentlemen," said the Tutelar, "I rejoice to see you, and I hope you have given Nathaniel something in advance of his salary, as we are just cooking our last mess of beans, and I was wondering what to do for to-morrow."

"Never mind *her*—she's deaf—pray be seated," said Nat, in his most courteous tones; but the cold, the stove smoke and the barren prospect had so affected the visitors that they backed hastily out and were glad to reach the sidewalk. After that Nat was troubled no more by duns.

Among the resorts which time has suddenly swept away was "Charley Wadloe's," in William street—a rookery in which the dust and cobwebs of half a century seemed to have accumulated, and whose vaults were celebrated for a species of old ale which was stronger than the strongest spirits, and the soporific effects of which even the strongest constitutions found it hard to resist. The "Free-and-Easies" which once assembled here on regular occasions were limited in several parts of the city, but never soared above a certain level, being far inferior in every respect to the London Music Cellars. Yet many old patrons are yet living and thriving, who remember Charley Wadloe's when to meet in social group about his round table was considered a blessing to enjoy and be thankful for. In our mental camera is still retained a dim picture of the corner in which B——, the romanciest, used to dose away the hours over his beer, arousing only when the boy would come in from the printing office for "copy" on which he would grunt, scratch off a half dozen pages, and then moodily return to his beer, his pipe and his ruminations.

Strange freaks of human destiny! Seated at one of the tables in this sombre retreat I have seen, time and again, in earnest conclave with knots of comrades all wearing a family likeness, a spare, mild featured man, with long, rolling hair and a shabby blouse, who drank sparingly, smoked a little, spoke in subdued but meaning accents, and drew the while upon the board with the remains of his beer the figures of tastions, parallelograms, earthworks and sallyports—a general plan conveying to the mind the impression of one whose sun has set for ever in this world. It was no less a person than Garibaldi, then a fugitive from Roman political dungeons; since better known as the Emancipator of Italy.

There were many nights when money was plenty and gold and silver were abundant, and on such occasions the old basement would be swarming with representatives of all the different professions, and song and sentiment would succeed each other until the smaller hours of morning, every new comer being true to take his place at the table where Comus was master of the revels. There came also McDonald Clarke, the mad poet, who sang with touching pathos a little song which is now extricated, for the first time, from his private correspondence, which, heaven knows, was scant an[illegible] rambling at best:—

"While the mirth is at its height,
And the jest goes round,
One dear thought I have for thee
Who my bosom's key hast found;
One draught only to her eyes
Hearty I drain—
Give me but my mistress' smile,
All the rest thou may'st retain.

"There's a witchery in the glass
Warms the coldest heart,
Bidding truth and friendship glow
While the tits of life depart—
But each weak allurement flies,
Flies where love doth reign,
Give me but one glance of hers—
All the rest thou may'st retain."

The gilded beer cellars and capacious East side saloons supplanted these relics of the past, which business has sternly commanded to "move on," and I know not if "Pfaff's" now has its counterpart anywhere—that centre of attraction where once gathered the brilliant fraternity of wits, poets, philosophers, and artists of every grade and degree.

BOB O' GOTHAM.

Skating Rink in Boston.

As the season for nor'easters, snow squalls and hot toddies approaches, the proprietors of skating ponds, etc., are making improvements in their old resorts, while others are building new ones in various sections, anticipating a rich harvest from the devotion which our blooming damsels and gay and festive youths evince for this exhilarating species of out-door exercise and improved promoter of flirtations. Per several months past Messrs. Harvey, Johnson & Co., have been engaged in the erection of a commodious rink, at the South End, Boston, Mass., and the structure is now rapidly approaching completion. The building is of brick, without external ornamentation, is 245 feet long by 105 wide, and has a small ell on the northeast corner. The roof, which is fire proof, is formed of fourteen arches, each arch being composed of one inch board six inches wide, and lapped together to the number of twenty thicknesses, the whole being held together by iron braces running through the building. The sheathing of the roof, which is fire proof, is laid on at an angle of 45 degrees across the joists, which is said to give it more strength and durability. A cupola, 16 feet wide and 6 feet high, runs the entire length of the roof, and this will be used not only to give light, but also, when occasion requires, as a ventilator. The entrance hall is 20 feet wide by 15 deep, with sliding doors admitting to the skating rink. On the right of the main entrance is the ticket office, which will also be used as a cloak and skate room, the same being fitted with some 300 boxes for the use of patrons, and adjoining this is the gentlemen's private room, which is 25 feet square. There is also a gallery 25 feet wide and 105 long, and filled with six rows of raised seats, and in the rear of this is the refreshment saloon, 15 feet wide by 117 feet long. At the further end of the rink is a music stand, raised ten feet from the platform, and built in the form of a semi-circle. The ice surface of the rink covers a space 81 feet wide by 200 feet long, around which is a platform three feet high and ten feet wide. The building will be illuminated by 210 jets of gas, and also by a "star" at the further end, which will reflect from 180 burners, the gallery being lighted by five chandeliers, each containing three burners. It will cost, when completed, about $50,000, and some idea of its enormous size may be formed when we state that, allowing two feet of room for each person, it will accommodate 16,500 people.

A DUEL BEHIND THE SCENES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Who ever heard of such a thing, a real, genuine duel on the stage?" we think we hear somebody ask. Well, we have no doubt there are those who never did; but that doesn't prevent our writing of one that actually did take place on the stage; not in the least, we think. You see, both principals were actors; as were their seconds, also—this was something a little peculiar. Then there was "a lady in the case," we will admit, which fact has nothing in it of itself at all peculiar, as they (the ladies) are sometimes, at least, the causes (innocent causes, perhaps) of appeals to the code; when, if it had not been for their own blessed, darling little selves, the belligerents would, no doubt, have remained friends for life, or, happier still, entire strangers to each other.

The duel that we are about to tell of occurred in one of our western cities. This is another peculiarity connected with it. Duels do not usually take place in cities; that is, what may be strictly termed duels, and ours, of course, was one of these. The lady (as I have already intimated, there was one concerned in it) was the daughter of a very wealthy merchant of the place. And a gay, dashing, magnificent brunette she was, too, with as fine a pair of eyes as ever shone beneath feminine eyebrows, and the handsomest figure to be seen anywhere on the promenades. She was sparkling and witty, besides, and thoroughly accomplished; and in addition to large expectations from her own, left her by a deceased uncle. Being an only child, an heiress, and wealthy withal, of course she had her own way in pretty much everything. Passionately fond of the opera and the theatre, she was permitted to patronize both to her heart's content, and might be seen three and four times a week at the leading theatre, occupying a proscenium box, where she own personal beauty, added to her elegance of dress, attracted marked admiration.

Of course she flirted. What woman wouldn't situated as she was? Rich, handsome and not yet twenty; with a host of admirers ready at any moment (that is, the first favorable one) to lay their offers at her feet, what wonder, then, is it if she availed herself of those advantages to indulge to her heart's content in that agreeable pastime so popular with the youth of both sexes? Certainly not any wonder at all. All women, we will venture to say, possess a little spice of coquetry, and when the opportunity have flirted, and we haven't a doubt that flirting will continue to be a recognized legitimate amusement with them so long as grass grows and water runs.

Two of the most ardent admirers of our heroine were leading actors in the principal theatre, where, as we have said, she so often occupied a proscenium box. Both were madly in love; each dreamed his passion reciprocated. "Her glances to him from her seat were kind enough, and were they not all his?" So spoke or thought, at least, both of these devoted followers of the drama, each in his turn ignorant of what a furnace his brother actor's breast was, and how its fires were fed with live coals from the same source as his own. But this state of things couldn't last long; that wasn't to be expected. One or the other must let the cat out of the bag before many days. It also should throw to either of them but the poorest flower in her bouquet wouldn't that be regarded as a token, but would be hustled rudely and then dropped in pieces, and a bone of its origin to every one about the theatre even down to the call-boy?

At last it came; murder will out. Entering by the back door one morning to attend rehearsal the gentleman engaged for eccentric business was accosted by the juvenile comedian in this wise:—

"Jones, one moment. Have your noticed that elegant creature in the right hand proscenium box almost every night since we have been playing here?

Jones, looking slightly aghast and reddening perceptibly, remarked to Brown, somewhat under his breath, that he had.

"Superb! gorgeous! sublime! isn't she?" continued Brown.

"Rich, too, immense; Golconda's nowhere to it. Patrician descent; best blood in the country."

Jones still looked aghast, his face now red as crimson, now of a pale ashen hue, but silent—stern and silent.

"Magnificent eyes; splendid hair; and a complexion extraordinary figure! Fired right we played, caught her eye, smiled, blushed, smiled and blushed ever since, and last night flung me this rose here in my button-hole. Clear case, Jones, my boy; I shall marry her as sure as I live; am overhead and ears in love."

"Marry her! what, you! marry Miss Velvetein," (of course Velvetein wasn't the lady's real name any more than Jones or Brown were the names of the actors, but then they will answer our purpose). "You!" exclaimed Jones, now thoroughly aroused from his stupor occasioned by the (to him) somewhat astonishing nature of Brown's disclosure. "You! you miserable little whippersnapper!"

"What, how, audacious villain!" exclaimed Brown, starting back; "what mean you by such language?"

"This," returned Jones, immediately assuming a theatrical tone and manner in thorough keeping with Brown's; "harken to me!" Here Jones took from his inside waistcoat pocket an envelope from which he extracted a flower a little more withered than the one worn by Brown in his buttonhole, perhaps, but still a veritable flower.

"This," resumed Jones, "a little faded flower" (not having to miss so good an opportunity for a quotation) "was given the fair hand."

"Lie!" shou[illegible] Brown: "[illegible]

Of cou[illegible] ...way those two men glared at one another from t[illegible] ...e wings was a caution to their seconds;

When Maria Monk published her pretended experience at the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, at Montreal, the Colonel was among the foremost to detect the imposture, notwithstanding the asseverations of Parson Brownlee, and of other Protestant clergymen bearing testimony to the truth of her story. To make certain the rectitude of his assertions the Colonel journeyed to Montreal, where he personally investigated the localities designated in Maria Monk's book. The result of his labors conclusively demonstrating the correctness of his hypothesis, the editor of the *Commercial* arose high in public estimation for his arduous researches into matters perturbating the popular mind, which position remained unshaken until he ventured into the mazes of mesmerism and clairvoyance, wherein he became perfectly mystified by the unaccountable performances of Old Peace and the Blind Girl.

If the press claimed the right to criticise, with commendable severity, the works of authors, the editorial fraternity did not expect to be even more severely criticised in return. In 1839 there appeared from the Cambridge press, with the imprint of a Boston house, an exquisite volume of some 300 pages, entitled, "The Vision of Rubeta; an epic poem of Manhattan, with illustrations done on *Stone*." As the price demanded for the book was exorbitant, few copies were printed, and these have long since been hoarded up by curious book collectors. The poem is nothing more than a versification of Stone's journey to Montreal, turned into a vehicle for a most elaborate and personal satire upon the New York press, which it must have taken the author some years to compose. As no publisher would have ventured upon the issue of a work of this description, and especially in the expensive style in which this came from the press, it was evident that it had been produced at the anonymous author's own expense, and consequently great curiosity was excited among the literary circles to ascertain the gentleman affording to indulge in so eccentric a luxury. The secret of the author's name was maintained for several years, when it was discovered to be that of Dr. Lorton Osborne, who had previously published, almost in a similar manner, "Thirty Years in the Life of Jeremy Levy," and the "Confessions of Poets," two curious novels of remarkable ability, but unfit for general perusal.

Subsequently to the decease of Col. Stone, the *Commercial Advertiser* was edited by a Mr. Inman, a brother to Henry Inman, the celebrated artist, but having changed proprietors more than once since that time, the paper as it now exists cannot be regarded as a representative type of the old class of journals which were forced to succumb beneath the pressure of the "penny paper" revolution.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

ALLEGED LARCENY AND ELOPEMENT.

RETURN AND ARREST OF ONE OF THE PARTIES.

Quite an exciting scene occurred before Alderman Moore, at the Tombs Police Court, on the morning of the 23d ult., between Charles Helms, of No. 640 East Eleventh street, and Frederick Bodwin, residing at No. 117 Pitt street, owing to the latter charging Helms, in the first place with eloping with his wife, and in the second place with larceny. It appears from the statement of Bodwin that for the last seventeen years he has been living with a German woman, to whom, however, he was not married. Recently her affections became estranged from her first love, and she transferred them to Helms and his interests. In order to save trouble and annoyance on the part of Bodwin, Helms and his new love determined to leave New York for the more genial clime of Jersey. Accordingly on Tuesday the woman gathered together a quantity of clothing and $1,300 in cash, belonging to Bodwin, and eloped with Helms to Newark, N. J., whither Bodwin followed in pursuit, accompanied by detectives Hays and Haggerty, of the Second precinct. The fugitives were overtaken in Newark, when Bodwin had an interview of the most affectionate nature with the false one, who, for so long a time, had been the part of a wife to him. The result of the meeting it is alleged, was the return of a portion of the missing money to the original owner. As the New York detectives had no authority to make arrests in a neighboring State they returned to the city. Unfortunately for Helms, who thought his troubles at an end, he subsequently came over to New York for a trunk, which he had at a saloon in Park Row, and was arrested by detective Haggerty on the charge of stealing. The trunk being searched was found to contain three shirts and other small articles alleged to have been stolen from Bodwin. He was arraigned before the magistrate and committed to the Tombs for trial on the charge of larceny. Thus instead of joining the lively but fickle woman in New Jersey, Helms finds himself closeted in the stone jug on Centre street, while she, at a distant point of view, is lamenting his absence, and searching for some obliging friend to enter bonds for his future appearance. All the parties to this transaction are natives of Germany.—*Evening Telegraph, 23d of August.*

ELOPEMENT AT NEWBURGH.

The *Journal* tells a funny story of an attempted elopement on the 10th ult., at Newburgh, and how it was frustrated. The wife of a shoemaker undertook to run away with one of his journeymen, taking a stateroom together on the barge Minisink. Marshal Gooding was called to the rescue. He went with the husband to the barge, and soon found the stateroom in which the errant pair were to repose on the night of their flight. The Marshal tried the door but it was locked. He knocked thereat but no response was given. He then applied to the Captain, who furnished him with a skeleton key, but this was of no avail with the other key in the lock. A ruse was then resorted to. After some little delay the chambermaid knocked at the door, which was then opened ajar, and the marshal, seizing his opportunity, placed his foot so that it could not be closed again. The husband here stepped to the door, and the Marshal, pointing to the woman, asked him if that was his wife. He said she was, and she, on her part, greeted him with apparent cordiality, and pulled him into the stateroom. They remained there for some minutes and probably came to an amicable arrangement of the matter, for when they emerged she put into his hands a heavy carpet bag, which she charged him to carry up the hill, saying that she would go with him. In the meantime her paramour, a big, stout chap, had made his appearance and wanted to know what that fellow (meaning his boss) had to do with the woman. The Marshal explained to him the law in reference to the relation of husband and wife, and gave him some good advice in the premises, as the "jour" seemed desirous of pitching into his boss. The jour, cooling down, expressed anxiety to secure his "things," which were stowed away in the carpet bag. The result of the affair was that the parties went up the hill, two of them none too well pleased, and one more gratified at his success in spoiling the plans of the two than happy in his domestic relations.

A SEWING MACHINE AGENT CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

A fair and buxom female, who claimed for her husband a man in some sort of business in the city of Cleveland, purchased of a sewing machine agent a machine, with the accustomed stipulation that he should come to her house and teach her how to run it. The female could not have been a very apt pupil, for the agent made several visits, and, what may seem a little strange, the fair learner requested him to come when her husband was down town. As it was agreeable to him, he continued his visits from day to day for a week or two. One day the husband unexpectedly returned, and repairing at once to his wife's bedroom—the door being unlocked—a sight met his vision which seemed to thrill his breast with horror and jealousy. He raved and cursed, and cursed and raved at his dishonored wife and the treacherous agent. But cooler moments came, and he concluded that his wounded honor would be stitched up by the sewing machine man paying him $100. The agent had not this amount with him, and he proposed to leave his watch as security. The husband did not want the article, and so, on promising to come to time on the $100, the erring brother was allowed to depart from the house. The sewing machine man, fearful of publicity and the consequence of his indiscretion, at once left the city for his home, near St. Louis, where he has a wife and children. Probably the accidental finding of his wife in *flagrante delicto* with the agent was no accident at all on the part of the so-called husband, as, quite probably, to use a police term, "the job was put up" on the sewing machine man; and had he remained and faced the music, husband and wife would both have had a close shave to escape the penitentiary.

A YOUNG WIFE ELOPES DURING HER WEDDING TOUR.

The following we clip from the Providence *Journal* of the 19th ult.:—"An elopement case has just come to light. Last summer a gentleman and lady occupying high positions in society in Montreal were married. Immediately after the marriage the happy couple took a voyage across the Atlantic, and spent the fall and winter in traveling over the continent. Last spring, while they were staying in Italy, the bride eloped to a distant part of the country with a young Italian who had acted as their guide. The husband, on learning what had taken place, immediately set sail for home, and arrived in Montreal a month or two ago. In the meantime, the Italian who had eloped with the bride, being disappointed at her having but little money with her, contrary to his expectations, deserted her. She then followed her husband home, and reached Montreal shortly after he did. Steps are being taken to procure a divorce. The affair has created no little excitement in social circles in that city."

GOING IT WHILE THEY'RE YOUNG.—A twenty-five year old man, at Michigan City, Ind., having married a thirteen year old girl, he was serenaded by a tin band at night. The next day he prosecuted the serenaders.

Interesting to Inquisitive Travelers.

The following notice, which is said to be posted in one of the Ohio river steamers, will be found of interest to all travelers who like to gather promiscuous information of matters and things by the way:—

"NOTICE.—Any person or persons desirous of obtaining information in regard to the distances to the various points along the river; the probable time of reaching them; the length of time the boat will remain; why she will not remain longer; if the passengers would have time to go to the post-office; the depth of water; the geological, chronological or agricultural statistics of the country; population, wealth, crops, land or prominent characteristics of the inhabitants; their origin, average height, complexion, color of hair, eyes and eyebrows; nature of disposition; rate of increase or decrease; number of births, marriages, deaths or serious attacks of illness; relative proportion of male and female progeny and the probable reasons therefor; causes of decline in prosperity, and the different ways in which such disasters might have been or probably would have been avoided had they been known at the time; character of stock raised or to be raised; relative proportion of mules, horses, sheep, hogs or negroes; number of bushels of corn to the acre; quantity of cotton; average size of the water melons; breadth of beam of all the steamers on or near the river and the Gulf of Mexico; how many times the boat stops between any point and any other point, and why; exact distance from catfish Bend to Skipwith, and thence to a point where the willows project into the river between Hooker's Point and the sandy dink; length of time the boat will remain at Vicksburgh; amount of cholera and measles prevalent, and why; medicine used for different local complaints, proportion of different ingredients thereof and the reason for adopting such proportion; amount of freight and produce carried each trip, the points to which it is carried, the price and whether the boat is always paid promptly; how many passengers are aboard; their names, history and destination; their probable business and their qualifications for attending to the same; whether married or not, and if not, why not; and in general all details of information as to their future hopes and prospects; whether the gentlemen playing cards are professional gamblers; if so, how much has been lost; if not, how much has been won; whether the pilot is a temperate man or not; the probable danger of fire, explosion of boilers, being sunk or any other accident; whether the clock is exactly right or not; whether the mate or clerks ever indulge in undue or unseemly ardour; how long each clerk has been employed; whether he has ever been blown up, sunk or burned up, and why; and, in general, all information of a geological, natural, legal, medical, theological, metaphysical, biographical, historical, anatomical, statistical, astronomical, arithmetical, grammatical, critical or intellectual character, can be accommodated by calling upon any of the courteous and gentlemanly clerks connected with the boat; or in their absence any information will be furnished by the pilot, engineer, mate or deck hands.

MEDALLION SLEEVE BUTTONS, with good likenesses of the candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, have been put on the market by Wm. W. Welling, of 471 Broadway. We offered "Our Jim" his choice, in hopes of learning how he stands in reference to the coming election; but he circumvented us by taking one of Grant and one of Seymour.

THE LIVES of Horatio Seymour and Frank P. Blair, Jr., have been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Paper covers, 50 cents.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT is the greatest bet ever made? The alpha-bet.

WHICH is a tailor's best line of defence? A clothes line.

WHAT most resembles a pretty girl bathing? A diving-bell(e).

WHAT is the best light for a late whist party? The midnight Hoyle.

WHAT time is that which, spelt backwards or forwards, is the same? Noon.

WHY is a colored man who has gasconaded like a bruise? Because he's black, and blew.

WHICH is the most profitable of all businesses? The shoe, for every pair is soled before it is finished.

A LITTLE boy being asked "What is the chief end of man?" replied, "The end what's got the head on."

An incorrigible gives the following:—Why is the Teuton I denounce like the son of Drusus? Because he is the German I cuss (Germanicus.)

BREVITIES.

THE BASEMENT DOOR BELL.—A pretty kitchen maid.

AGREEABLE ADVICE.—The Council of Nice.

HAIREDITARY.—Carroty locks.

A KEY HARD TO TUEN.—A dan-key.

A SAILOR is not a drone when he is rated A. B.

A DISGUSTING ENTERTAINMENT.—The Diet of Worms.

A DISAGREEABLE BOON.—A ba-boon.

THE TRUMPETER'S PET.—His trum-pet.

A RACE OF SCULPTORS.—The Chip-a-way Indians.

THE BEST TIMBER FOR SLEIGH RUNNERS.—Slippery elm.

THE DANCE FOR HUNGRY MEN.—Cutting a pigeon wing.

THE BEST VESSELS FOR CHOPPING BEAR.—Revenue cutters.

A SUSPICIOUS BEVERAGE IN THE MORNING.—Plain soda.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.—The baptismal font.

DO WOMEN give men a look of hair to hold them?

FIFE.—The gimlet of harmony.

ROBBERY.—The indiscretion of dexterity.

WE only find without what we bring within.

ALL selfishness is shortsighted folly.

IT IS strange that time and tide wait for no man. Things that are tide are usually compelled to wait.

A MOTTO APPLICABLE TO RAPID YOUNG MEN.—Fast bound, fast found.

SPEECH is silvern, says the proverb; but it is more frequently brazen.

TRAVELER.—A chatterbox, who incurs a thousand dangers for the sake of relating things to people who will not believe them.

PEIDS.—A slippery inclined plane, at the bottom of which wait arrogance and vanity.

FIN.—A word extremely agreeable to write at the end of a book, and to read there.

NO ADVOCATE of new truth was ever without his bitter and even personal enemies.

WHAT can we think of an age that pays its cooks and horse-jockeys better than its schoolmasters?

BEWARE lest your base thoughts become the sad precursors to unworthy actions.

YOU will be perfectly justified in putting little faith in him who puts little faith in others.

IS THERE not everywhere observable an increase in men's respect for a strong government?

IT is impossible to thoroughly master a subject unless you come down upon it from a higher level.

THERE are people whose sole existence seems to be one dread round of absurdity and contradiction.

SHAKESPEARE'S celebrated inquiry, "What's in a name?" has been at last solved. The answer is: "Four letters—two vowels and two consonants."

A SHOWMAN advertises that among his other curiosities is the celebrated "difference" which has been so often split by bargainmakers. He says he has both halves of it.

HE who cannot bear the laugh of the world, would better not attempt the correction of its errors or the reformation of its abuses.

MERRY MOMENTS.

A PALPABLE HINDOO.—*Newly arrived Teuton.*—"What bite you, Jacob, last night?" *Jacob.*—"Nothing." *Teuton.*—"Nothing bite me too all night, like h—ll."

CONTEMPTIBLE.—Flintskin is a mean fellow—he writes his love letters on his employer's invoices, and has the effrontery to term them "*bill-head woes!*"

A CALIFORNIA paper speaks of an enterprising and highly successful murderer as having "a wonderful talent for bereaving any family he does not happen to like."

A JACKASS.—An illiterate man, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary:—"Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of getting the prize."

PANCAKES.—"John," said a stingy old fellow to his hired man, as he was taking dinner, "do you know how many pancakes you have eaten?" "No, sir, do you?" "Yes, you have eaten fourteen." "Well," said John, "you count and I'll eat."

TWO QUAKER girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other what side she would take, the right or the left? She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

HOW HE TOOK IT.—The following advertisement appears in a Canada paper:—"Will the gentleman who stole my melons last Saturday night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as they are a choice variety."

QUERIES. — Is John's better half a demi-John? When William obtains a sweetheart, is he an accepted Bill? Should James' wife want Diamonds, when she possesses a "Jem" already?

CAN IT TALK?—"Is that p-p-p-parrot for sale?" "Yes." "How m-m-much?" "A guinea," was the response. "C-c-c-can it ss-sp-sp-speak?" "Yes," said the fellow, "a precious sight better than you can, or I'd chop his head off."

GIVE HIM HIS DUE.—It is altogether too absurd to say that "Man is not perfect." Who is there that has not met with many who were perfect strangers, and some who were perfect rascals, and not a few who were perfect fools?

QUITE TIME.—"Tom," said a girl to her sweetheart, "you have been paying your distresses to me long enough. It is time you made known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expense any longer."

PHILOSOPHIC.—A philosopher writes to a tailor who had failed to get ready his wedding suit:—"It was no serious disappointment, only I should have been married if I had received the goods." That man will never be seriously disappointed.

NOTHING LIKE IT.—We see that some one is advertising that he has received a stock of eland leather, from Russia, for boots. We suppose the material is used in Poland for the manufacture of dancing boots, as being specially adapted for the feet and toe of the national polka.

GRAVITY VS. GRAVITATION.—A schoolmaster, who was as fond of his grog as of the globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation. "When I've drank five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes and my gravitation begins to operate."

A CURE FOR DOUBLE SIGHT.—An old miser, who was notoriously parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a doctor. "What shall I do with my head?" said the old man, "it's so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription and retired:—"When you see double you will find that if you count your money."

SYMPATHY.—"That's a stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door, in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, sir," said the peat dealer, "ye ken hearts warm when frien's meet."

TAVERN MEASURE.—Two goes make one gill; two gills make one lark; two larks make one riot; two riots make one cell or stationhouse. N. B.—A cell is equivalent to $2.50. For office clerk as follows:—Two drams make one go; four goes make one headache; two headaches make one lecture; three lectures the sack.

NEEDS REST.—"Doctor," said a lady, "I want you to prescribe for me." "There is nothing the matter, madam," said the doctor, after feeling her pulse; "you only need rest." "Now, doctor, just look at my tongue!" she persisted. "Just look at it—look at it! Now say, what does that need?" "I think that needs rest too," said the doctor.

A MAJESTIC APPEAL.—The majesty of the law was fearfully sustained by Lord Eskgrove, who, it is related, once sentenced a tailor, for murdering a soldier, in these words:—"And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or propel the lethal weapon through his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's."

A GENTLEMAN of great wealth received from his nephew, who was his reputed heir, a splendid pheasant, to enjoy which he invited his friends to partake. The dinner was gay, but at the dessert one of the guests remarked that he had not tasted of this dainty bird. "Ah!" said the host, "to tell you the truth, I was fearful that it might be poisoned, coming from my heir."

A HARD STORY.—The following hard story is told by a Troy paper:—"The other morning a gentleman found in a trap he had set a complete rat skin, and—nothing more! The snap had caught the animal by the nose, and in struggling to escape he walked entirely out of his skin. Attached to the skin were portions of the bones of the head, the hind feet and the whole tail. Leading from the trap to a hole near by were tracks of blood."

A BRUTE APOLOGY.—An Irishman was going along the road when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman, recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull bowing and tearing up the ground (as is the custom of the animal when irritated), whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said:—"If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think you had thrown me over the fence on purpose."

DRAMATIC ANIMALS AND BIRDS.—Our dramatic records show an alarming increase in these celebrities. For a long time the "Wild Horse of Tartary" has held the boards and outstripped all comers, but "Black Sheep" will soon occupy public attention; and Watts Phillips is to add to the list "Land Rats and Water Rats." In the insect line we have "The Fire Fly," and in the bird line "Fowl Play." One would suppose from the titles, that the authors founded their plays on some startling phenomenon in natural history.

HIGH STRUNG.—An Englishman was once making some extraordinary statements as to the speed of a horse which he owned. "My dear sir," said an American, "that is rather less than the average of our roadsters. I live at my country seat, and when I ride to town in a hurry in the morning my shadow doesn't keep up with me, but usually comes into the store a minute or two after my arrival. One morning my horse was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times around a large factory, just to take the Old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that I saw my back before me the whole time, and I was twice in charge of falling over myself."

TAKING STRUP OF SENNA FOR RUM SHRUB.—Captain C——, who has been round the world twelve times, formed the first temperance society in Madagascar. The natives are hard drinkers, and will imbibe anything which has alcohol in it. A chief was one day shown into the cabin just as the Captain was taking a little medicine which was flavored with spirits, a pint bottle of which stood on the table. Thinking it rum, the chief eagerly asked for some, and would not believe the captain's assertion that it was medicine. Knowing his man, Captain C——, leaving the bottle, went to another part of the cabin. The temptation was not to be resisted by the chief, and, seizing the bottle, he drained a pint of the mixture at one draught. The captain returning, resumed the conversation, pretending not to notice the chief, who turned as pale as his tawny complexion would permit and kept rubbing his abdominal regions. He twisted and turned in his seat a few moments, and then, giving a yell, rushed out of the cabin, jumped overboard, and swam for shore. When, next year, Captain C—— revisited that harbor not a drop would the chief touch. He was the first and only member of the first temperance society in Madagascar.

BASE BALL.

VISIT OF THE MUTUAL CLUB TO PHILADELPHIA.

ATHLETIC VS. MUTUAL.

A BIG SCORE AND A GREAT VICTORY FOR THE ATHLETICS.

The Mutual Club of New York made its annual trip to Philadelphia on the 20th, to meet its engagements with the leading clubs of the Quaker City. On the 21st the Mutuals and Athletics came together for the first time this season, on the latter's ground, at Columbia avenue and Seventeenth street. The game was witnessed by 10,000 persons, some 4,000 or 5,000 of whom were within the enclosure. The ladies were present in large numbers, and the seats expressly reserved for their use were filled at an early hour. The members of the visiting club and their friends were provided with seats, and every attention was shown them by the attentive Athletics.

The Mutuals arrived on the ground shortly after 2 o'clock, but owing to the non-appearance of Wilkins, it was 3 o'clock when the game commenced. The Athletics, having won the toss, elected to go to the field. McMahon, the first striker for the Mutuals, popped an easy fly into Reach's hands; Dockney made a slashing hit to right field, over the fence, a clean home run being the result; Wolters, Hunt and Devyr followed with safe hits, and all scored; Jewett was second out, Reach and Fisler attending to him; Kelly closed the innings by fouling out to Radcliff. Reach made his base on a safe grounder; McBride hit high and safe to left field, and Reach took second; Radcliff carried his ball between the outer and inner field, and the bases were all full; Wilkins sent the first two strikers home by a safe stroke between first and second; Fisler was fouled out by Dockney; Sensenderfer hit a high ball back of third base, which Jewett should have taken, but Devyr, in trying for it, missed it, and Radcliff and Wilkins came home, and the "Count" took second base; Foran sent him home on a high hit just beyond third base, which McMahon should have taken, but Billy didn't see it—or, rather, didn't get it; Cuthbert sent Foran round to third on a safe hit, and the latter stole home on Jewett, who had been substituted for Dockney; Cuthbert went to his base on a safe hit, and, working round to third, came in on an overpitch; Berry struck out, and Reach fouled to Jewett—seven runs, and the score 7 to 4.

Swandel made his base on a ball badly handled by Wilkins; Fianly was not so lucky, as Wilkins fielded him out at first; McMahon went to second on a sharp hit to right field, and Swandel came home; Dockney sent McMahon home on a hit to short field, but failed to reach first himself; Wolters made his second on a daisy cutter between first and second, but was left there, as Hunt fell a victim to Reach and Fisler. McBride led off for the Athletics and Radcliff followed, both making their runs; the outs being Wilkins and Foran on foul bounds to Jewett, and Sensenderfer on a fly catch by Dockney; score 9 to 6. In the third innings the Mutuals added three runs to their totals, to which they were helped by a wild throw of Radcliff's to Reach; Jewett was caught out by Berry, Kelly fouled to Radcliff, and McMahon, hitting to Wilkins, was thrown out at first. Cuthbert made his first on a fine stroke to right field, Berry, on a sharp hit between second and third, gained his first; Reach sent his ball close to first base, and Swandel put him out and attempted to catch Berry at second, but Fianly made a muff of it, and Cuthbert came home and Berry went to third; McBride took his base on a missed fly catch by Dockney, and Berry came home; Radcliff sent Dick round to third on a left field stroke; Wilkins sent Dick home, but went out at first on Devyr's throw; Fisler made a tremendous hit over left fielder's head and went round the bases; Sensenderfer hit past third base and Fisler came home; Foran closed the innings, with the "Count" left, by going out on Devyr's throw to Swandel. Score 14 to 9, with the Athletics still ahead.

Dockney was first to the bat, but quickly retired, Reach and Fisler attending to him; Wolters hit a high foul to right field, which Foran captured on the bound after a long run, amid great applause; Hunt, Jewett and Devyr scored, the latter coming home on the strike-out by Kelly, Radcliff batting the last ball go up to him; Swandel left Kelly on second base by hitting high to centre field, which Sensenderfer attended to. Cuthbert, first to the bat for the Athletics, was given a life by Kelly; Berry sent him home on a long stroke to right field; Reach gave McMahon a chance to fly him at third (Billy having previously changed off with Dockney), but the ball was muffed, and Al. held his first and Berry came home. McBride hit to Devyr, who threw wildly to first, and Cuthbert came home; Radcliff took his base on a ball muffed by Fianly, McBride coming home; Wilkins hit high to centre field, and Dockney caught him out; Fisler went to first on called balls; Sensenderfer brought him home, and came home himself on Cuthbert's hit. Foran having in the meantime fouled out. Cuthbert scored his second run in this innings, coming in on a passed ball; Berry hit to Devyr, and took his second on a wild throw to first base; Reach brought Berry home; Foran came home on his overpitch; McBride and Radcliff both made their bases on hits, but were left by Wilkins going out at first on Fianly's throw—10 runs. Score 24 to 12.

In the fifth innings the Mutuals were retired without scoring—Fianly and Dockney by Berry and Fisler, and McMahon on a foul fly by Radcliff. Swandel was now substituted for Wolters, and if all the chances had been taken the Athletics would have been whitewashed, but Kel y and Fianly muffed the balls sent them by Foran and Cuthbert, and four runs was the consequence. This left the score 28 to 12, and the Mutuals so far in the rear that all hopes of even making a respectable score had been abandoned.

In the seventh innings Dockney was sent in to pitch, and for the next two innings the Athletics only made a single. In the ninth innings, after disposing of the Mutuals for two runs, the Athletics struck a streak of batting, and before the last man was put out had added 15 runs to their totals. This left the score 51 to 24.

The result of the game was not a surprise to either club. The Mutuals had no hope of success in their crippled condition, while the Athletics looked upon the result as a foregone conclusion before the contest commenced. The batting was very heavy on both sides, particularly so by the Athletics. Their hitting was fully as heavy as in their game with the Atlantics, while their fielding was in keeping with their reputation. The Mutuals played a very poor fielding game, there being scarcely a redeeming feature in the contest. Fisler and Sensenderfer, of the Athletics, carried off the fielding honors. The former disposed of 13 players at first base, and the latter made four catches at centre field. Reach and Wilkins were very effective in their positions, as also was Berry. In fact, the whole nine acquitted themselves creditably.

A very disagreeable scene occurred in the last innings, which did not reflect much credit on either side. The Athletics were at the bat, and had run up a tally of 12 runs, making the score two to one. Two hands were out; it was getting quite dark, and it became a question whether the innings could be finished. The batters seemed anxious to make an end of it, and commenced to strike out. The umpire noticed this, and in one or two instances called "no strike." The Mutuals also saw it, and began to play loose in the field. Dockney, who was pitching, delivered the ball wildly, so that the batters could not hit it. At this stage of the proceedings, the umpire walked out to McMahon, and after a short consultation, Billy went in to pitch. After one or two more runs had been made, Wilkins hit a short ball to McMahon, who failed to get to first, and the game closed. Considering that the game was delayed half an hour in waiting for Wilkins, and that it was near six o'clock before the last innings was commenced, we think it was the duty of the umpire to have called the game at the end of the eighth innings. Quite a number of the New Yorkers who wished to take the 6.30 train were prevented by this circumstance from so doing. It was evident from the remarks made in our hearing that bets had been made that the Athletics would win by a score of two to one, and probably if it had not been for this circumstance, we should not have had the unpleasant duty of recording a scene that reflected very little credit on either side. The score of the game is appended:—

MUTUAL.	H.	L.	R.	P.	ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	R.	P.
McMahon, 3d b	4	2	1	1	Reach, 2d b	3	6	1	5
Dockney, c. f	2	2	1	1	McBride, p	6	1	1	0
Wolters, p	2	5	1	0	Radcliff, c	2	6	2	2
Hunt, 1 f	4	2	0	0	Wilkins, s s	6	3	1	0
Jewett, c	3	3	0	2	Fisler, 1st b	2	6	1	0
Devyr, s s	5	0	0	0	Sensenderfer, c f	3	5	1	0
Kelly, r f	4	1	1	2	Foran, r f	4	5	0	0
Swandel, 1st b	1	4	1	0	Cuthbert, 1 f	2	7	0	0
Fianly, 2d b	4	2	0	0	Berry, 3d b	2	7	0	1
Total	27	24	5	7	Totals	27	51	7	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mutual	4	2	3	3	0	4	6	0	2	—24
Athletic	10	4	6	12	4	0	0	1	14	—51

Home runs—Dockney, 2. Foul bound catches—Dockney, 1; Jewett, 4; Radcliff, 1; Cuthbert, 1; Foran, 1. Struck out—Wilkins, 1; Berry, 1. Out on foul balls—Mutual, 5; Athletic, 7. Umpire—Mr. Bomeister, of the Eureka Club, of Newark, N. J. Scorers—Messrs. Hartley and Bell. Time of game—Three hours and fifteen minutes.

ATLANTIC vs. ECKFORD.

The first game of a new series between these clubs was played at the Union Ground on the 22d ult. The contest, though quickly played, was too tame and one-sided to be of interest, and but for the fine display of batting by the Atlantics, it would have been wholly devoid of interest. The fielding of Eggler was magnificent, no less than eight fly balls falling to his share. Holmes also played well behind. The Atlantics all did well, their fielding being fully in keeping with their reputation. The appended score tells the rest of the story:—

ECKFORD.	H.	L.	R.	P.	ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	R.	P.
Allison, 1st b	5	2	0	0	Pearce, s s	4	5	0	0
Brown, 2d b	3	1	1	3	Smith, 3d b	5	6	0	1
Eggler, c f	5	0	0	8	Start, 1st b	1	8	0	1
Martin, p	3	1	1	0	Chapman, 1 f	3	5	0	0
Nelson, 1 f	3	1	2	2	Crane, c f	4	5	0	0
Bedell, s s	3	1	1	0	Mills, c	4	6	1	1
Patterson, 2d b	3	3	0	2	Ferguson, 2d b	2	4	3	0
Davenport, r f	4	1	0	0	Zettlein, p	6	3	0	0
Holmes, c	2	1	1	0	McDonald, r f	2	5	1	3
Totals	27	11	6	15	Totals	27	48	5	7

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eckford	1	2	0	0	2	1	0	3	1	—11
Atlantic	5	1	1	4	1	2	2	8	1	—25

Home runs—McDonald, 1; Ferguson, 2. Out on bases—Eckford, 13; Atlantic, 7. Foul bound catches—Allison, 1; Holmes, 1; Mills, 5. Struck out—Davenport, 2; Zettlein, 3. Double plays—McDonald and Start, 1. Out on foul balls—Eckford, 2; Atlantic, 3. Umpire—Mr. Powers, of the Excelsior Club, of New York. Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Delaney. Time of game—Two hours.

CHAMPION vs. EMPIRE.

The Champion Club, of Jersey City, defeated the Empires, of New York, on the 22d ult., in a game on the former's ground, by the following score:—

CHAMPION.	H.	L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H.	L.	R.
H. McMahon, s s	1		4	Wilson, c	2		3
"Slowenzy," 1st b	4		2	Clute, c f	3		2
Willis, p	2		3	Post, p	4		1
Denmead, 2d b	4		2	Ryerson, s s	1		2
Bliven, c	3		2	Higham, 2d b	3		1
Snowden, 1 f	3		0	Sensenderfer, c f	3		1
Tilden, r f	1		3	Chase, r f	3		1
J. McMahon, 3d b	4		2	Voge, 1st b	3		1
Edwards, c f	4		1	Jennings, 1 f	4		1
Total	27		20	Total	27		11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Champion	6	3	0	0	1	0	4	6	0	—20
Empire	4	0	1	2	1	1	0	3	1	—11

Umpire—Mr. White, of the Unknown Club. Scorers—Messrs. Stillsong and Ryan.

EUREKA vs. STAR.

A game for the championship of Washington County, N. Y., was played on Saturday, 19th ult., between the Eureka Club, of Granville, and the Stars, of Cambridge, the issue of which was as follows:—

EUREKA.	H.	L.	R.	STAR.	H.	L.	R.
W. Hollister, 2d b	4		1	J. M. Stevenson, 3d b	4		5
Potter, s s	3		1	Shanock, 1 f	3		2
Murphey, p	2		3	McNitt, 1st b	3		0
Murphey, 3d b	3		1	Hurley, c	1		6
Pitts, c	2		1	Shiland, r f	4		5
Bostick, r f	3		1	J. A. Stevenson, c f	4		4
Haynes, 1st b	3		1	Lee, p	1		1
Wright, 1 f	3		1	Leavenworth, 2d b	2		1
Nelson, r f	1		2	Jenkins, s s	4		2
Total	25		12	Total	26		27

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eureka	0	1	1	4	0	0	4	0	2	—12
Star	4	0	2	0	2	0	5	6	8	—27

Fly catches—Eureka, 2; Star, 14. Passed balls—Pitts, 11; Hurley, 4. Home runs—Hurley, 1; J. A. Stevenson, 1. Umpire—Wm. Lloyd. Scorers—Messrs. Hollister and Fletcher. Time of game—Two hours.

ARENA VS UNION.—These junior clubs tried conclusions in the vicinity of the metropolis on the 19th Sept., the result being as below given:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Union	4	0	2	2	1	0	3	0	2	—14
Arena	4	7	6	7	0	4	3	1	1	—34

BATTING IN THE PALMETTO STATE.—The Ashley and Mutual clubs, of Charleston, S. C., played a very close and exciting match recently, the former proving triumphant by two tallies only. The score stood 22 to 20. On the 12th of September the Marions, of the place of same name, had a practice game, which Lockwood's side won by a count of 80 to 69.

RILEY VS. CENTRAL SCHOOL.—These nines had a contest at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 19th ult., the former winning by a score of 52 to 9.

THE GAME IN WASHINGTON.

NATIONAL VS. OLYMPIC.

The match between these clubs, which was played on the 21st of September, has created more interest among the fraternity and citizens of the National Capital, than any previous game between local clubs for a number of years. The Olympics having strengthened their nine at every opportunity, and kept them at constant practice, have from time to time pressed on this game, backed by their confidence of success. On the other hand, the Nationals have said little, except their "croakers"—of which they possess a full share. A portion of the nine

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed each and every letter sent for.

W. E. Sheridan, Julian Breban, Andy Leavitt, C. H. Matthews, Harry Wallace, Joe Childs, M. B. Leavitt, John T. Brit, Geo. Archer (2), Sam Sticknev, Ned Howard, W. Hunter King, Geo. Whitlock, K. Eddy, Charlie White, D. W. Stone, Tom Murray, Albert Nix, John Brassell, Robert Lindley, John Trewolls, Jud C. Webb, F. H. Bailey, Pete Thornton (2), Martin Hanley, Alfred Brooks, J. B. Marshall, Eugene Cramer, Dan Morris, Jack Sommers, H. K. Spellman, Cool Burgess, Chas. Melville, Dupree & Benedict, Lizzie La Favre, Cora Wayland, Annie Gibbons, Eva Brent, Nellie Edwards (2), Helen Western, Mrs. J. D. German, Emma Frayne, Louisa Sylvester, Ada Newton, Fanny Cresswell, Harry Smith, M. Coyle (2), C. H. Dupree, Geo. E. Sanda, Frank Dumont, J. W. Morton, John Forepaugh, Gus Mortimer, J. W. Runnell, James L. Bruse, W. H. Donaldson, Alex. Glenn, James Mass, Harry Wilds, Johnny Carroll, C. F. Hernandez, George H. Clark, Harry St. Leon, Charles Forbes, Isaac D. Beavon, Billy Hart, J. D. Robinson, C. W. Seely, Chas. Gleason, J. B. Murphy, Robert Tourniaire, C. K. Benson, Jas. T. Johnson, George Winthrop (2), Harry Meixner, Hubbard Cock, Tom Clannon, Mrs. W. W. Eagan, Louise Tourniaire, Alice Kingsbury, Mlle. Tournour, Emma Cline, Therese Berri, Mrs. Sam Rhinehart 2 Ella Cohen, Emma Fowler, Mad. Bridges Helen Marble, Mlle. Louise, Gertrude Gregory, Harry Robinson, Oliver Wren, Johnny Judge, Lew Hallett, Ned Bennett, J. Tannenbaum (2), Chas. H. Day, Wm. Hernandez, Felix Vincent, Cem. Nuit, Robert Nickle, Eugene Leach, T. R. Jefferson, Wm. Marble, C. Amorous, Thomas E. Owens, Eugene Gorman, A. D. Hastings, Leon Chenat, Williams & Sanford, Joseph Norrie, Carroll and Emmett, N. H. Haviland, H. H. Cross, John Murray, Chas. Wightman, Wm. J. Jacobs, Frank Campbell, Chas. Foster, Joe C. Pitman, J. J. Showles, J. H. Carles, Prof. Kenn, Mary Gladstone, Kate Busiay, Mollie Eberle, Hatty O'Neil, Rosina Zanfretta, Effie German, Hannah Birch, Mrs. J. S. Collins, Caroline Hayes, Fanny Prestige, Sallie Western.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Sept. 28, 1868.

THE WEATHER has been quite injurious for a week back, or any other kind of back, for that matter; a thoroughly mixed and unenjoyable condition of the atmosphere interfering with business and amusement alike; but at the present writing dusters have vanished from the highway, by way of a change, and heavy garments are now in request; such was the case with our best dress coat, which a seedy friend of our's requested the loan of to go to a party, but we could not be a party to the little arrangement, as the same particular friend once borrowed some stamps of us for another party, but that money, to us, is like those deceased persons whose obituary notices in the daily papers tell us that they are "gone, but not forgotten."..... It is a free fight between indoor amusements and outside political mass meetings—both are waxing hotter and hotter every day, and as the latter are free to all, they may have the best of it for a time, especially as some of the stump orators evince talent of a high tragedy character as well as low comedy; some of our papers engage in the political sport, and nearly every village and town in the country is beginning to arrange for its organ; but they need not range far; let the country people come to New York—we can supply them with any number of organs, without regard to their political complexion; we can say this, however, that their conductors only flourish here by the *liberal* views of those who patronise them.....And talking about organs, reminds us of that other nuisance, the Grecian Bend, which continues to carry all before it, or behind it, we don't care which; its deleterious effects have even been felt in the world of spirits, as may be seen by the following spiritual communication to the editor of this paper, from Oliver Goldsmith, *defunct*. Read what Oliver says about this

ALL-OF-A-TWIST.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that all men say
How sick she looks and melancholy,
Why can't she put such things away?

Can't she some other style discover?
Her *panniers* hide from every eye?
And harass her husband and her lover,
And not disgust him? Let her try!

.....And this little billet, due from Oliver, reminds us of the light of other days, when we wore jackets and check aprons, and were taken by bigger boys to "see the theatre" and its terrifying melo-drama and things. Ah! laden as it is with incomprehensible absurdities, we cannot but regard the gradual flickering out of the old sensational drama with painful emotions. Any disinterested observer must, however, be aware that the melo-dramatic school, as it was known to playgoers and players in the days of Monk Lewis and his imitators, is virtually obsolete, although, in out of the way places, it may still struggle for a sickly existence. The day may arrive when public taste, like some streams that we read of, will return to its ancient channels, but at present a totally different class of ideas is in the ascendant. The conductors of the stage appear to be guided more by a reference to critical ethics than at any previous time, and yet the age is certainly not more enlightened or more virtuous than that which preceded it. The difference is, probably, in the ratio of education. That a new *ballet* or spectacle makes now and then a great hit is nothing in contraversion of our remarks. The good old high pressure melo-drama! How we used to revel in its gore, as a luna when peanuts and oranges were indispensable accompaniments of the performance, and a house without the combined odors arising from shells and peelings and noxious gases was not worthy the name of a theatre. It is not quite impossible that the man who proposed such a thing as a ventilation in those days would have been mobbed. The "Castle Spectre" and the "Devil's Dice," possessed a mysterious attraction which was alike irresistible to the aristocrat and the *gamin*. The class of piece in question attained its highest glory when the vividly wrought dramas of "The Blood Red Knight" and "Rimour the Tartar" were produced upon the boards of the old Richmond Hill Theatre, with real horses, and approached its apogee when lakes of real water were introduced at the Bowery as a principal accessory. The accession of what is known as the *Nude Drama* gave it its *coup de grace*. The passion for "blood-and-thunder" has not died out, but it has been fed by sensation novelists until the most extravagant effects of the stage fail to attain the popular standard. How our heart used to palpitate as Richard Darril, in the person of Tom Hamblin, deliberately planned the murder of that pattern of romance and chivalry, Ernest Maltravers; how "each particular hair" would "stand on end" as the dark captain, personified by Bill Jones, leagued with Steapado *alias* Bill Wood, the captain of the Dumb Girl of Genoa, personified by a young woman whom we loved for her artlessness and simplicity until we saw her between the scenes imbibing a pint of porter and partaking of "a dozen raw" with the head scene shifter. Forrest was the fulfilment of our ideal as the melodramatic hero. When he stood back so strong upon those muscular legs of his, armed with a short Roman sword, and vowed by his lambskins that he'd "make Rome howl," how enthusiastically we joined in the tumult of applause that followed. The neighbors of those days depended on the effect upon an accumulation of horrors and mystery—in fact, upon its plot. Now it is wafted to success by a hero who hangs so pended by the eyelids from the parapets of a castle or dangles by his breeches over a thousand-foot precipice; or upon a railway disaster a flash of lightning, or an avalanche. Truly, we live in altered and altering times..... But "let the dead past bury its dead," if you can make out what that means. A few evenings since we "Our Jim," reportorially, to a concert saloon, to see how things were going on at those base meant establishments. As he entered the place he happened to lay his eye on a waiter girl who weighed about two hundred pounds; so, without waiting to see anything more, he came back frantically to report that the "attendants was werry large"..... Hasn't it been awful weather of late, though? And so much rain as we have had, why it may have been as much disgusted with our long rain as the people "out yonder" have been with the reign of the Queen of Spain. A funny little thing occurred during an uncomfortable shower which came off near our sanctum one day last week. Here it is:—

"OUR JIM'S" LITTLE JOKE.

The threatening clouds were th ck and bleak,
The wind was fearfully high;
It looked as though a thun er storm
Was surely coming by and by;
We anxiously sat watching the clouds,
Eating our lunch, in easy chair,
And said, at length, to "our Jim,"
"A storm is brewing in the air."

A quiet smile stole o'er his face—
"I'm very glad o that," said he;
"You could n't better news impart
At this auspicious moment unto me:
Because, as you say, it a storm
Is brewing in the air, see here,
Can't we with confidence expect
That it may rain a little beer?"

.....He has some pretty good ideas, at times, has Jim, as our readers may see by the little bit a beer joke in the adjacent poem, but he has to be handled like glass ware, "this side up with care," as we do unfinished ones in a great while to pick up a stray joke and use it, but he don't like to be told of it. The other day we spoke to him about this habit, reprovingly. Now, it should be stated that he had just returned from noon day prayer meeting at Kit Burn's rat pit, in Water street, and he looked to us as though he had gone into it a little too deep; he didn't seem like himself, at all, mixing religion and rats indiscriminately in his conversation; and talking dog and women and mission men all in the same breath, just as the do down in the sacred Water street district. It was a fit reproving time moment that we chided him about his occasional habit of getting other people's ideas off a his own. Turning upon us with an air of perfect disgust, he gave us what he consid red a "cruncher," by saying:—"Some purps they bark at the moon, jist 'cause it's light is borrered!".....They do say that we are to have no Italian opera this season; that the gentlemen who sing the high C couldn't see the terms offered them, or, rather, that the impresarios consider the high C a little too high a note to risk their money on, hence, a break down in the arrangements, for which we ought to be very thankful, considering the airs put on by foreign opera singers in this country. The only fear we have is, that some arrangement may yet be consummated by which this terrible operatic infliction may yet be imposed upon us. Regular opera goers little know what nonsense the purveyors of modern music are in the habit of clishing up for them in the going to pure Italian. Here is a favorable specimen freely rendered:—

When the murky midnight, lowering,
All things shrouds in sable pall;
And, from dying embers glowering
Shadows dance upon the wall,
Then, ye ghosts that fitfully are creeping,
While sleep each heavy eye is steeping,
Spirits, one, two, three,
Glide with noiseless, misty tread,
Figures without form or feature,
With the grave's solemn misery!

.....We don't have all the curiosities in this city, for we read in our western exchanges that in Mississippi they have a wild hog the size of a cow that gnaws trees and roots up fences, and commits other destructive depredations, creating great indignation among the people. No conjurer—to have their *fences* rooted up is an *of-fence* proceeding, and to have their *trees* gnawed down is a *gnawful* thing; no one would like to be *fenced in* that way this way. The reader will observe that we have italicised certain words having a bearing upon the subject in dispute, so that nothing may be left undone on our part to amuse and instruct our patrons.....What are our minstrel friends about, as they do not give us the periodical ballad that used to be so popular when E. P. Christy was our *chargé d'affairs* to Africa, or, leastwise, at the head of the minstrel business in this city? In his day, we could look for a ballad every few months, a ballad that would become popular—through its simple words and touching melody—all over the country. The "Captain Jinks" and "Champagne Charley" style of song now so common in our streets, are emanations of the music halls of London. The minstrels formerly gave us most of our popular songs, but of late years they have fallen off in that respect. Below we give a "new and original song," which has never appeared in print before, and for which some of our minstrel friends may be able to compose a pleasing melody:—

ELLA CLARE.

Coming, comin', coming to the shore—
Oh, good boatman, see no rock is there;
Waiting, waiting, at the cottage door,
For me alone, is my sweet Ella Clare.
Then reef your sail before the gale
Sends us swift drifting with the tide—
For without fail, fail snow or hail,
I soon shall claim her as my bride.

Coming, coming, coming to the land,
(The land of promise) waited on the breeze—
Sighing, sighing to clasp the maid's soft hand
At the cottage gate beneath the trees;
Now drawing near, her voice I hear,
Adown the path beside the spring,
Oh, lovely maid, to me so dear,
What pleasure does thy coming bring!

Coming, coming, coming, oh, I see
Her fairy form now gliding in the air,
She waves her veil, the signal 'tis for me,
So, good boatmen, you're no time to spare.
Huzzah, I'm free, from ocean free,
Let yon dark coming tempest roar,
My life, my soul, my all to me,
I Ella meet, to part no more.

"1868" went out at the Academy of Music on Sept. 21st, being its first and last appearance on any stage. Although the Worrell Sisters headed the bills as lessees, yet they disavow all connection with the speculation. Now, with all due deference to the young ladies, would it not have looked better if this disclaimer had appeared before the failure occurred? What if "1868" had turned out to be a great success? But it failed, lamentably failed; political plays will never become popular; we see and hear too much of such affairs in real life; the mimic action can never equal the reality. Various names are credited with the authorship of "1868," in charity for a "lost cause," let us omit all mention of the author.

THE REGULAR SEASON at Wallack's commenced on the 21st inst. There was a large attendance and the various members of the company received a cordial welcome. Two new plays were presented, "Simon Bernard" and "Dearer than Life," and though well acted and carefully placed on the stage, they failed to awaken that enthusiasm which gives promise of an extended run. Mr Wallack is unfortunate in the selection of pieces for his opening. Last year the pieces produced on the occasion of the commencement of his season signally failed to please, and had to be withdrawn at an early day.

GRAU'S SEASON of Opera Bouffe at the French Theatre promises to eclipse all previous efforts in that line in this city. "La Grande Duchesse" opens the season on Oct. 5th, with Mme. Rose Bell in the title *role*, and M'lle. Fontanel as Wanda.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK announces herself as directress of the Academy of Music for a short German dramatic season, shortly to commence.

BATEMAN'S "Barbe Bleue" season at Niblo's concludes on the 8th of October, which is not a day too soon.

ADA GRANGER, while passing by the *Herald* building one day last week accidentally slipped through the grating in the pavement and was severely injured. She has since been confined to her bed. Florence Temple, who was with her, made a narrow escape.

"ORPHER ACT ENFRA," in a burlesque form, will shortly be produced by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, it having been in active preparation for several weeks. It will be produced in the same style and with every attention to details that has marked all previous burlesques in this company, the last week A. A. Talbot appeared on the end, with Dick Ralph in place of J. C. Campbell. J. Davies, announced in the bills for a banjo solo, did not appear on Sept. 25th. "Barber Blu" continues on the bills, and is as attractive as ever, the attendance being very good.

LINGARD, of the Theatre Comique, announces two new sketches for this evening, entitled "Fifth Avenue" and "The Grecian Bend."

"FOUL PLAY" is announced as being in its ninth and last week at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre. Gayler's piece of "Out of the Streets" is billed for production on Oct. 5th.

ALEX. FITZGERALD closed a brief engagement at the Bowery Theatre on Sept. 26th. He appeared in Harry Seymour's new piece of "Fair Play" to a succession of good houses.

"THE CRIMSON SHIELD" is the title of a spectacular drama to be produced at the Bowery Theatre on Oct. 5th, under the direction of John R. Scott enough, with a ballet troupe. A number of *premier dancseurs* have been engaged, including M'lle De Rosa, M'lle Leah, Christine, Recci and Emerline.

FLORENCE TEMPLE, a lady who enjoys some reputation as one of the Mazeppa actresses, is at present in this city preparing for the fall season. Managers wishing to secure her will find her address elsewhere.

LEO HUDSON was in this city on Sept. 25th. She left the following day for Baltimore, Md., to go thence direct to Omaha, Nebraska, where she commences an engagement with her horse on Oct. 19th, with Manager Corri.

MRS. G. L. FOX, wife of G. L. Fox, of the Olympic Theatre, died in New Haven, Conn., on Sept. 21st, of Bright's disease of the kidneys. She had been an invalid for many years.

JAMES H. TAYLOR, the London comic vocalist, reopens in this city on Oct. 12, at Apollo Hall, Twenty-eight street and Broadway.

MCEVOY'S "HIBERNICON," now in the fourth week of its stay at Pike's Music Hall, is attracting crowded audiences every evening, despite of the stormy weather. It is pronounced as most excellent as well as interesting entertainment.

TONY PASTOR sings about the "Wickedest Man in New York," this week.

MAGGIE MITCHELL closed her engagement at Wood's Museum on Sept. 26th. During her last week she appeared as Fanchon, a character which she has made a specialty of, and in which she is excellent. She was supported by Miss Alice Logan, who made her *debut* as Madelon. She is a sister of Celia and Olive Logan, and is a talented, prepossessing and pleasing actress.

JOE COOKE IN TROUBLE.—Marinus W. P. Cooke, better known in the show world as Joe Cooke, a circus clown, but for the last six years proprietor of Sunnyside Hotel—the halfway house to the Fashion Race Course, on Long Island—came to this city on August 12, and on his return in the afternoon was seized while stepping off the ferryboat, by his brother-in-law, Mr. Foster, and a policeman, who handcuffed him, put him in a carriage and conveyed him to Kings County Lunatic Asylum. At a hearing before Judge Mansfield, of the Essex Market Police Court, Mr. Cooke testified that, having arrived at the Lunatic Asylum, he was taken to the keeper, assigned to a cell and kept there till the 18th of September, when Dr. Mead, the head physician, having become satisfied of his sound mental condition, relieved him from the prolonged and painful durance to which he had been subjected and gave him his liberty. It should be stated here that he does not complain of his treatment at the hands of the asylum officials, though under what pretence of reason or authority they should have kept him there the length of time they did, or, in fact, for a day, is to him a profound mystery. He only knows this much—that he, or rather his wife, paid ten dollars a week for his board, and that he received extra care and attention, as well as a full and unstinted diet, on this account. His seizure, his being handcuffed and his conveyance to the Lunatic Asylum, he avers, were without any warrant of authority. He was never subjected to any medical examination before the seizure, and neither after his incarceration in the Lunatic Asylum. He charges the whole thing upon his brother-in-law, and he ascribes as the motive a desire and determination of the latter to get possession of his property. There is another charge additional to the above preferred by Mr. Cooke against his brother-in-law. He says that Mr. Foster deliberately and wickedly set to work to poison him and his wife, and, this accomplished, would doubtless have made a finishing job of the poisoning by poisoning their children. Having been a sufferer from neuralgia, Mr. Foster, he alleges, gave him some medicine to take, which, however, he was prudent enough to abstain from taking. His wife failed to exercise the same prudence, and, he says, through medicine administered to her at his hands during his confinement in the lunatic asylum, has become almost a skeleton, weighing now only ninety-three pounds, while before this time she weighed 210 pounds. The medicine offered to himself and since left untaken by his wife he has given to Dr. Doremus, of this city, to analyze. On the above facts being sworn to by Mr. Cooke, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr. Foster. Mr. Cooke's record of this brother-in-law is not very flattering, as may be gathered from the fact that he makes biographical disposition of ten years of his life as follows:—Five years' imprisonment in the Louisiana State Prison at Baton Rouge, and five years in a prison at Toronto, Canada.

ARRIVED.—Grau's Opera Bouffe Troupe arrived from Brest on Sept. 22d.

TOMMY WINNETTE and Jerry Howard left the city on Sept. 24th for Havana, for Albisu's Troupe.

GEORGE GUY and his two sons, George and Willie, will shortly leave for England.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are attracting crowded audiences in their Hall of Ethiopia. The sketch of "Barber Brown" continues to grow in favor with each representation. During the past week Mr. Ainsley Scott sang in an excellent manner the ballad of "No such Girl as Mine," and in the olio the characteristic song of "Simon the Cellarer," both of which were deservedly *encored*.

"WIDE AWAKE" is the title of a musical burlesque produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House during the past week. Tony Pastor played Wide Awake, a Bowery boy, who, having made a balloon ascension, lands in China and somewhat surprises the inhabitants thereof. The action of the piece turns upon the hearty welcome accorded the American, and the acceptance of his hand by the Emperor's daughter. It was an amusing sketch and afforded Tony Pastor and Jennie Engel an opportunity to indulge in considerable singing. In the olio business Johnny Thompson, Billy Emmett, Frank Kerns, and Connors appeared in a negro sketch called a Punchenello; they were called out five times. The attendance has been quite large, the house being crowded on Thursday evening during the heavy rain.

NOTWITHSTANDING "Humpty Dumpty" occasionally parts with some of his company, and a new friend appears, he continues on the even tenor of his way, attracting to the Olympic Theatre crowded and delighted audiences, night after night. Irene Gay now plays the parts of Burlesque and Fairy Queen, vice Lina Edwin, who has withdrawn. On October 12 Pagani, Kurtz, the Negri Sisters, Setti and Ramsabury, all first class *coryphees*, put in an appearance, while Sangalli continues as the *premiere danseur*. According to the Internal Revenue returns, "Humpty" has drawn more money since its production than any other piece produced in this city, excepting the first few months of the "Black Crook." The total receipts for the past five months for this pantomime have been $146,974, which is over $20,000 more than received at Niblo's Garden, three times more than taken at the Worrell Sisters Theatre, $32,000 more than at Wallack's, and nearly three times as much as the Broadway. Which goes to show the popularity of the Olympic Theatre management as well as pantomime.

"LUCREZIA BORGIA," which has been so cleverly burlesqued, and so well produced at the Bryants' Minstrel Hall, is announced for the third week of its production. It was not performed all of last week, in consequence of the illness of Eugene, who had an opera ion performed on his hand on Sunday, September 20th, which was so painful as to prevented his appearance. A walk around terminated the performance instead. It is thought he will be well enough to appear this week.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS will commence operations for the fall season on Oct. 6th, at their building on Fourteenth street, which has undergone a complete overhauling during the company's tenting season. The building has been handsomely painted inside as well as outside, and new carpets have been laid. The ring has had an overhauling and been improved. The company close their tenting tour at Stapleton, Staten Island, on Oct. 1st, and rehearse on the 2d and 3d for the opening on the 5th. H. B. Williams and Nat Austin will clown to the circle, while Mlle. Rollande will be the principal equestrienne, together with a host of performers, among whom will be found many old friends.

LYDIA THOMPSON, said to be a clever burlesque actress, makes her American *debut* this evening at Wood's Museum, in "Ixion, the Man at the Wheel," supported by a company brought to this country expressly for the purpose. "Rosa Cook" makes her *debut* at this establishment this, Monday, afternoon, in the "Child of the Regiment," and will appear every afternoon except Wednesday and Saturday.

INTERNAL REVENUE RETURNS.—The gross receipts of our places of amusement for the month of August, compared to the several revenue collectors, is as follows:—

New York Circus (Gravelding)	$35,681	Bowery	$6,585
Niblo's	25,644	Olympic	28,127
Worrell Sisters' Theatre	11,340	Wallack's	21,343
Bryants'	8,930	Theatre Comique	14,850
Tony Pastor's	7,251	Broadway	14,125

MILLIE TURNOUR, the female gymnast, opens an engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House on Oct. 5th.

THE COMPANY engaged for the Academy of Music, New Orleans, are requested to be prepared to leave from this city on Oct. 12th.

WEYMORE & Co., dramatic agents, advertise in this issue for a lady harpist, who can furnish her own instrument, play accompaniments and sing. They also want a pianist who can sing bass.

SHARPLEY'S CIRCUS will reach this city from Panama on or about Oct. 25th. The company remained in California to play at the Sacramento Fair and expect to open in Panama about Oct. 12th for a few performances.

MLLE. PIANI, *premiere danseuse*, who came to this country with the De Vol Ballet Troupe, has returned to this city after an extended tour with McDonough's company, and is prepared to negotiate with managers for engagements

MESSRS. LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, Dramatic Agents of this city, announce that they have been appointed agents for the disposition of rights for the production of "Dora" and other plays owned by the late Avonia Jon s. This firm advertise for a number of coryphees for a Broadway Theatre.

HENRY B. FARNIE, dramatist and librettist, arrived in this city from Paris on September 28th, and is prepared to negotia e with managers and composers for the production of several dramas and comedies never produced in this country. Mr. Farnie was engaged writing a play for the late Adah Isaacs Menken, and was with her during her last moments. His present address will be found in an advertisement elsewhere.

JOHN E. OWENS has been engaged for the Broadway this winter.

MRS. MARIE WILKINS, late of Selwyn's Boston Theatre, gives a reading at Dodworth Hall on Sunday evening, Oct. 4th. Any one wishing to communicate with this lady will find her address in another column.

TOM HOLTON, cannon ball performer, late of Chiarini's Circus, arrived in this city from Panama on Sept. 28th.

BLONDIN, the hero of Niagara Falls, will shortly arrive in this country on a professional tour from England, and can be secured by addressing Tony Pastor, as per card elsewhere.

THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE is at 189 Bowery, where beginners can learn the rudiments of acting their parts in the dramatic world, conducted by Thompson & Riggs, old professionals, who state that they have room for a few more pupils.

Dramatic.

OF THEATRICAL AFFAIRS in Richmond, Va., a correspondent, "Sam," makes the following report:—"We have lately had a visit from Messrs. Spalding & Raply, of the National Theatre, Washington, who have now perfected their arrangements for bringing the Richings Opera Troupe to our city for a season of six nights, commencing on the 12th of October. The announcement of this fact is pleasing to the theatre-goers of the city. There has been quite a dearth of dramatic and operatic entertainments here for many months, and we really need something in the legitimate line to revive the long absence of anything of the kind. We have an excellent theatre, but either from mismanagement or some other cause it has been closed for months, and with the exception of being open to accommodate temporary visitors is likely to remain so. Our city in antiwar days always supported the theatre handsomely, and it is the belief of most persons that it would do so now if the right sort of manager would bring the right sort of a company here.....In the matter of concert halls we are very well supplied. Two are now running and the third is being fitted up..... Wright's Varieties, at Virginia Hall, a most excellent and well managed building for the use, is one of the best shows of the kind in the country. His company is kept full, and is usually supported with good material. The present troupe is composed of Susie Starr, Kate Clare, Kitty Lee and Molly Coleman, dancers and vocalists; Pendergrast, Ali. Miles, Melville and Gorman, negro minstrels. Susie Starr is a very pretty woman and most excellent dancer, and the other members of the company are fully equal to, if not above the average of performers.....Holly Rice has a good company also and gets up a good show."

THE NINETEENTH REPRESENTATION of the "Black Crook" spectacle at the National, Washington, D. C., took place on Sept. 25th, and the twenty-first and last was announced for the 26th. Performances have been given on Saturday afternoons, largely attended by ladies and children. Our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"Emeline Zavistowski, whose impersonation of Stalacta has elicited so much admiration, receives a benefit this evening, 25th. To-morrow night, 26th, Miss Georgie Dickson, the pleasing *soubrette*, takes her final and only benefit, leaving for New Orleans on Sept. 28th, where she is engaged as leading comedienne and *soubrette*—a position for which her personances here of Mary Netley, in 'Ours,' and Polly Eccles, in 'Caste,' evidence her fitness, though the theatre she goes to is the leading one in the Crescent City. Miss Dickson has made quite a hit in singing a very cleverly arranged medley song entitled, 'I'm the Merriest Girl that's Out;' and Emeline Zavistowski has won new admirers by her singing the song, 'Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer.' The Richings English Opera Company commence a two weeks' engagement on September 28th, opening with the 'Crown Diamonds,' followed by 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Martha,' 'Maritana,' 'Czar and Zimmerman' and 'Bohemian Girl.'"

THE NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE commences its season on Oct. 19th with Charlotte Thompson as the Star, to be followed by Mr. and Miss Couldock, B. F. Whitman's "White Fawn" *ballet* troupe, Lotta, Mrs. Lander, and Maggie Mitchell. The following is a list of the company engaged:—Manageress, Mrs. W. C. Thompson; stage manager, Robert McWade; prompter, G. B. Henri; scenic artist, S. W. Gullek; musical director, George Handerweiser; Stage carpenter, Mr. Weaver; costumer, T. T. Johns; property man, Mr. Cooke; leading, Theodore Hamilton; first old men, M. Lanagan; heavies, W. S. Higgins; juveniles, G. W. Malmesburg, character actors, Messrs. T. S. Cline, F. J. Dovey, Patrello, and others; low comedy, Robert McWade; leading lady, Mrs. M. Lansgan; *soubrettes*, Mrs. T. Cline; first old women, Miss Nellie Taylor; juveniles, Mrs. W. S. Higgins, Miss Lauretta Vultee, Miss Viola Plunkett, Mrs. Theodore Hamilton, Mrs. S. W. Gulick, Miss Smith and others.

THE W. K. LINYARD'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Linyard, S. Ferris, S. H. Verney, W. V. Malmburg, James Collins, R. M. Bates, F. Scallan, W. Mack, T. H. Shelly, T. W. Donnelly, Edith Prenton, Louise Herbert and Emma Keough, were at Hudson, N. Y., the past week.

THE RECEIPTS at the different places of amusement in Boston, for the month of August, are set down as follows:—Opera House, $9,436; Museum, $13,450; Howard Athenæum, $9,611.

J. C. MATTHEWS' DRAMATIC COMPANY organized for the traveling season, consists of D. Myron, J. F. Crossen, Will J. Wiggins, Frank J. Whitcher, J. M. Phillips, A. W. Purcell, Mr. Haulenbeek, J. C. Myers, Nelson, Coon, Martin, Adams, Stetson, Rhinehart, Flora Myers, Mrs. Myron, Emelie Whitcher, Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Crossen. The company will play a succession of first class stars through the eastern circuit. S. M. Phillips is the stage manager, and Frank J. Whitcher, business agent, in addition to the above named people they carry a brass band and orchestra.

MR. JAMES HOLLOWAY, an English tragedian, highly eulogized by the *Morning Advertiser*, of London, Eng., as per card inserted in annother column, is open for an engagement. One of his specialties appears to be "Rob Roy."

JOSIE BOOTH, whose specialties are juveniles and *soubrettes*, is open for an engagement. See her advertisement in another column.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY under the management of Henry St. Maur, played in Hamilton, C. W., on Sept. 18th and 19th. Edwin Mardin, Dan Nourse and Mary E. Hill were in the company. They announced the production, for the first time on the American continent of the comedy of "David Garrick." If we are to credit one of the local papers, the performance was "queer."

THE "TICKET OF LEAVE MAN" was played at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., on Sept. 19th, and the "Lottery of Life" on the 21st. Geo. H. Barton, stage manager, made his *debut* in Toronto as Terry the Swell.

IN CHICAGO "La Duchesse" and "La Belle Helene" were given the past week at the Opera House. Our correspondent, "Lolterer," says:—"On Monday night, 21st, Frank Aiken brought out, for the first time in this city, the six act drama 'The Veteran,' in a most complete and elegant manner, the scenery being entirely new, and costumes ditto. Stevens contributes new music, and the orchestra has been augmented to give marches with more *eclat*. Dewitt Waugh has done himself great credit in his execution of the new scenery, and the costumer deserves his meed of praise. As Amineh, Mrs. Allen appears to better advantage than in any character she has yet appeared in. Padgett, as Mohammed, has a character in which he has a chance to *spread* himself, and he does it to the satisfaction of all. Aiken does the heroic but modest Leon, in Aikens' best style, and Mr. W. H. Crisp (first appearance) made a good impression as Eugene. John Dillon, as Ali-au-gan, is immense, while Mrs. Stoneall, as Mrs. Macbake; Miss Gluer, as Blanche, and Keller, as the Colonel, contribute materially to the success of the piece. May it enjoy a *Museum run*.....Joe Jefferson still sleeps his twenty years' sleep, and wakes within an hour, just to show how 'tis done, and the people are as anxious as ever to see him do his transformation. Next (this) week he does Rob Acres, and 'Our American Cousin,' etc. The preparations for 'Midsummer Night's Dream' warrant me in saying that it will be produced in a style never surpassed in America."

CONCERNING THEATRICAL AFFAIRS IN BOSTON, our correspondent "Penfold," under date of Sept. 25th, gives the following summary:—"The Museum produced, on Monday last, S. Palgrave Simpson's romantic drama, 'Time and the Hour,' to an overflowing house. The piece was produced in London last season, where it was well received, and Manager Field pressed it on Monday night for the first time in this country, with the following cast:—Sir Philip Deverell, L. R. Shewell; Sparrow, Frank Hardenbergh; Montgomery Brown, Wm. Warren; Medlecott, R. F. McClannin; Geo. Aylmer, H. S. Murdoch; Franklin, W. H. Sedley Smith; Marian Beck, Miss Annie Clark; Mrs. Brown, Mrs. J. R. Vincent; Lucy Fairfax, Miss Mary Sherlock. There are three acts—first, Franklin's Villa; second, Laburnum Lodge; third, Deverell Hall; each and every scene was set with a minuteness of detail that reflected great credit on the management. The acting of the stock was unexceptionably good, and all the tableaux were encored. It will, doubtless, run for two or three weeks.....Selwyn produced the much talked of 'Fowl Play, or Chicken Hazard,' for the first time in this country, Monday, Sept. 21st. An attempt has been made, by some 'person or persons unknown,' to 'amend' the text by introducing some 'local hits,' but they have not proven very effective. The moral of the piece by Knepp is weak, as was, much of it, stale, and was not what the *habitues* expected of the talented leader. The selections from 'Belle Helene' and 'Barbe Bleue' were well received; but 'Capt. Jinks,' 'On the Beach at Long Branch,' 'Flying Trapeze,' and, that antiquity, 'Root Hog or Die,' are so completely worn, sung and 'played' out, that the enthusiasm of the audience was not very marked. We sank back in our seat and resignedly awaited the first notes of 'Tramp, Tramp,' but were happily disappointed. There are some very good scenes in 'Fowl Play,' though as a burlesque it does not compare with the author's 'Black Eyed Susan.' Robson, Josephs, Pearson and Ketchum, make the most of their parts, and Misses Kitty Blanchard and Eliza Newton looked and acted charmingly in theirs. 'The Follies of a Night,' which preceded the burlesque, was one of the most finished performances ever presented in this city.....Lotta is drawing crowds at the Boston.....The Howard is packed nightly, rather to the detriment of Morris Bros. Walter Brown appears Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, this week, at the Howard, in his club exercise. A constant change of attraction at this place is filling the treasury. .....Vivian appears at Morris Bros., Monday next, and Runnells and sons are underlined, as are also the Gregory Family and M'lle Gertrude, the duggist (I suppose that is the correct term).....Willard has been very unsuccessful thus far in the old Continental, but things will probably look brighter when his big stars arrive.....James Taylor and company are in their last week at the Comique. They are beginning to draw fair houses, and if they would stay another week would probably have a little something to take with them.....'Black Sheep' follows 'Time and the Hour' at the Museum."

MRS. HENRY LINDEN appeared at Willard's Theatre, Boston, on Sept. 23d, as Capitola in "Hidden Hand" to Harry Linden's Wool.

LOTTA continues her engagement at the Boston Theatre, the attendance having been large ever since her opening night. For her benefit on Sept. 25th she appeared in "Family Jars" and "Pet of the Petticoats."

MCKEAN BUCHANAN'S DRAMATIC TROUPE performed in Bath, Me., the past week. This week they are in Augusta, Me. The Bath *Sentinel and Times* of September 22d and 23d, says:—"Last night was the first appearance of the Buchanan Company take the lead of any dramatic performers which have visited our city. Both Mr. Buchanan and his daughter are stars of the first magnitude, and they are ably supported by a full corps of first class actors. The performance was the best a Bath audience has had the pleasure of witnessing. The Buchanan Troupe delivered Shakespeare's great play of "Macbeth" last evening to a full and appreciative audience. Mr. Buchanan is himself one of the best actors of the day, and appears to have been especially born for whatever character he appears in. His ladylike daughter, Miss Virginia, was every inch the Queen, as Lady Macbeth. The entire company did their respective parts to admiration, and received hearty and well merited applause."

C. A. LYNE took a farewell benefit at the Salt Lake City Theatre on September 15th, when he appeared as Rolla in "Pizarro."

"THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN" was performed at the Opera House, Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 26th, with George H. Clarke as Bob Brierly; Flora Myers as May Edwards, and Mrs. D. Myron as Mrs. Willoughby.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" was produced at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, on Sept. 22d, with the following cast:—Clown, Mr. Tony Denier; Pantaloon, Mr. Thomas M. Sloan; Harlequin, Mr. Harry Leslie; Columbine, Mlle. Aurrol; Burlesque, with Medley Song, Miss L. Sylvester; Romance, Miss Clara Morris; Ballet, Signorina Pepita and Mons. Henri St. Ody; New Jersey, J. E. Irving. The pantomime is said to be placed upon the stage in a most excellent manner and has been attracting crowded houses every night since its production.

THE LEFFINGWELL COMBINATION closed at the Acad my of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 26th. Blanche Chapman was favorably received throughout the engagement.

FR. HOSTMACK, with a company of German artists, was announced to give a performance of "Christine, or the Queen of Sweden," in Cleveland, Ohio, on Sept. 28th.

"ZORASTRE" is in its third week at the Louisville Theatre, but is not doing a very good business. Our correspondent, Agate, writes:—"When M'lle Augusta appeared her high reputation as a *danseuse* gave a little more tone to the audiences and business picked up a little. M'lle Augusta is a first class artiste in her line, and no foreign *danseuse* bears a better reputation in the west than does she. She introduced the 'Can-Can' in the first act this (last) week, and is doing several solos never seen here before. M'lle Albertina was a member of De Pol's *ballet* troupe, and is one of the most graceful *danseuses* I ever saw. She does many fine solos and is always received well. The other characters go off about the same, and no changes have

of it:—"A good drama it cannot claim to be considered. It is at least a very exciting and fairly original piece, with sufficient novelty of design and treatment to separate it altogether from the common sensation dramas of the day. It has some good sound plot and some highly colored dialogue. It is in three acts and a prologue, and is a story of revenge"..... Miss Hazlewood commenced her management of Sadler's Wells with a revival of "Romeo and Juliet," the manageress appearing as Juliet with much success. Planche's burlesque of "Theseus and Ariadne" followed..... "Land Rats and Water Rats" is enjoying a run at the Surrey. It is pronounced "a strongly conceived and very thrilling drama, opening to the eyes of playgoers those vistas into London wickedness which are now the most attractive spectacle that can be put before them. It is profoundly exciting, and is supplied with powerful and very epigrammatic dialogue."..... The New Royalty re-opened with "Married Daughters," and "Black Eyed Susan," and "The Miller and the Men" followed by the burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan" in which Miss Oliver sang, for the *seventeen hundred and twenty-first time*, in her famous duet of "Pretty Sue-a-san, don't say no."..... "Wedded and Lost; or, The Perils of a Bride," a new drama by Mr. Travers, was given at the opening of the Britannia on the 7th, and well received..... The New East London, following the example of other theatres, has produced a new drama, entitled "The Rail, River and Road," in which one of the principal effects is the introduction of a railway and train. The character in this latest drama who is placed across the rails is a one armed commissionaire, named Wadlow, whose appearance generally betokens some attempt at rescuing the distressed. On the present occasion he is trapped, and bound hand and foot by the villain of the piece, and in then, while helpless, laid across the rails. The heroine, May Hawley, has taken refuge in a signal box, but is locked in, and so can scarcely render any assistance. When the train is seen in the distance, and Wadlow seems destined to be murdered, when May seizes a poker, smashes the windows, makes her escape, and drags Wadlow off the rails, just as a train, capitally managed, dashes across the stage. Another scene that calls for special commendation is a view of Blackwall Pier and Lock Bridge. A third view is a representation of a ball room. The plot may soon be told. May Hawley is about to be married to Frank Bovill when it is found out that she has been rescued from a life of thieving by Mrs. Hawley, who has adopted her. But May is in reality her daughter, since shortly after birth she had been changed for the daughter of the nurse Having accordingly been taken from her aristocratic home, May becomes the associate of thieves. The principal of these is Mr. Covey. He and the nurse, Judas, both hope that Frank will marry Kate Hawley, the supposed daughter of the lady, but in reality Judas' child. May has now a series of adventures. She leaves her friends, is abducted by Covey, throws herself into the river, is rescued by Frank, and then, through the means of Wadlow, is restored to honor and is married. Mr. George Spencer is given as the author of the above, but, if it is not—as can be readily seen by the plot—stolen from "Under the Gaslight" than we are very much mistaken..... "Tomkins, the Troubadour," is the title of a rollicking absurdity produced at the Queen's Theatre.... Boothroyd Fairclough has followed up his experiment in "Hamlet" at the Lyceum with "Othello" on the 8th September, which is pronounced "an intellectual and in some respects finished representation, denoting the possession by Mr. Fairclough of rare dramatic stage gifts. Long study had clearly been bestowed upon the part, and the success, in most respects, was equal to the care bestowed. A quieter and more artistic representation of Othello we scarcely look to see. It gave adequate expression to the view of the character the most accomplished students have always maintained, its parts were well balanced, and the general effect it left behind was one of high and intellectual gratification. Few actors have we who can give a part of this importance in such fashion, and we may congratulate accordingly Mr. Fairclough upon a large measure of triumph. Some of the faults we noted in the Hamlet have disappeared. There was little attempt to attitudinise, and no attempt at oratorical display except in the delivery of the lines wherein Othello bids farewell to his occupation." He was announced for "Richard the Third" on September 14th, 16th and 18th; "Hamlet," 15th and 17th, and "Macbeth" on the 19th..... At Astley's, "The Ticket of Leave Man," with a dramatic recitation by Miss Agnes Cameron, and the farce of "Peculiar People, Very," were given every night until the 12th, when a new spectacular piece, "The Conquest of Magdala," was produced .....At the Standard, the Christy Minstrels have proved more than ordinarily attractive. Their programme is nightly changed..... "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Outlaw's Vision" have been produced at the Victoria. The concluding piece has been "The Avenger."..... "Arrah-na-Pogue" has increase in attraction at the Grecian..... The singers, dancers, actors and gymnasts at the Pavilion still draw good houses .....At the Adelphi, "Flying Scud," "The Rough Diamond," and "The Fast Coach" have been played every night, except the 9th, when, for the benefit of Mr. S. Phillip, "The Ticket of Leave Man" was substituted for the latter pieces.....At the Princess', "After Dark" has been repeated.....No change has occurred at the Alexandra or Strand theatres, or the Royal Amphitheatre and Circus .....The new Globe Theatre opens on the 31st of October, with a new drama by Mr. H. J. Byron, to be followed shortly after by a burlesque from the same pen.....A new drama, by Dr. Westland Marston, will be produced soon after the opening of the Haymarket Theatre .... Mr. Watts Phillips is writing a new drama, to be produced at the Holborn after the run of "Blow for Blow" is finished .....A new farce by Mr. Hay, "Beautiful for Ever," will shortly be produced at the Strand ..... Fred. Evans put in an appearance at the Holborn Circus on Sept. 14th ..... E. A. Sothern, who plays in the provinces until the end of Dec., reappears at the Haymarket in January, and remains there until July. It is not definitely settled whether he will go thence to Australia or come to America.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—Several Parisian theatres, including the Athenee, the Dejazet and others, have opened, but no novelties have as yet been produced..... The new season at the Italiens will begin on the 1st of October. Adelina Patti is first on the list of singers, but three *prime donne* will appear for the first time in Paris; Miss Minnie Hauck, of New York, for whom Prince Poniatowski is composing an opera; a pupil of Signor Strakosch, M'lle de Murska; and Signorina Ricci, daughter and niece of the Brothers Ricci, the authors of "Crispino e la Comare." M. Bagier promises two new works..... Rossini has signified, in a clever and characteristic letter, his acceptance of the dedication of the new "Barbiere di Seviglia" of D'all' Argine..... a new "Bodoniere," by MM. Chivot and Duru, has been read at the Bouffes Parisiens. Offenbach will supply the music..... "Jeanne de Ligneris," a new drama with which the Odeon reopened, is a complete failure. It is in verse, and is by M. Marc Bayeux. Berton and M'lle Antonine are, it is said, engaged at this theatre to appear in a new comedy, by M. Victorien Sardou, originally written for the Vaudeville. .....M. Stephan de la Madeleine (his real name was Etienne Jean Baptiste Nicolas Madelaine), a well-known writer on music and teacher of music, is dead.....M. Victorien Sardou (besides attending the rehearsals of his opera at the Grand Opera, his drama at the Porte St. Martin, and his comedy at the Vaudeville, is hard at work on a new comedy, "La Comedie Parisienne," in five acts..... M. Victor Masse has a new opera nearly ready, to introduce to the public. The Opera Comique is going to revive his first work, "La Chanteuse Voilee"..... If Madame George Sand's and M. Paul Meurice's drama, "Cadio," is not successful at the Porte St. Martin it will not be the company's fault. M. Melingue will play Cadio; M. Roger (for years the tenor of the Grand Opera), St. Gildas; M. Tisserant, Le Comte; Mlle. Thuillier, La Korigane; Mlle. Roussell, Jacqueline.

MLLE. DEJAZET took her "first communion" (commonly administered to children when twelve years old), and was confirmed at Lyons on Sept. 6th. This brilliant, witty, dissolute, ever young actress, made her first appearance on the stage when she was eight years old, and she has played without interruption for sixty-two years.

AT ONE OF THE LISBON theatres "La Grande Duchesse" is played every night; at a rival theatre, "Who Will Deliver Us from La Grande Duchesse" is nightly played.

MLLE. NILSSON was to sing at Baden and Wiesbaden during the week ending Sept. 12th. She has attracted hosts of strangers to the Grand Opera all through the hot weather. The success of M. Thomas's Hamlet, however, is partly attributed to M. Faure, whose impersonation is pronounced masterly in the extreme.

CURIOUS COLLECTION OF PLAYBILLS.—The Public Library at Brunswick, Eng., has just been enriched with a curious collection of 40,000 playbills of all countries, including a considerable number of the last century. It also comprises a series of programmes of itinerant theatres, which are not the least interesting. Major Macqueer was occupied twenty years in getting together this curious series.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—The Duke of Edinburgh Theatre, Melbourne, has been closed owing to pecuniary embarrassments. Mr. Coppin is spoken of as the next lessee..... The Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, was to be opened on July 25th, with a melodramatic company and the experiments of a nitpenny pit..... George Loder, operatic conductor for the Lyster Opera Troupe, died in the hospital at Adelaide on July 15th. His wife, Emma Neville, died a short time previous..... In the case of Coppin vs. Solomon, at Adelaide, which was an injunction to restrain Solomon from playing "Arrah Na Pogue," the court decided by decreeing that the motion for injunction be dissolved, each party having to pay its own costs..... The last night of the season at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, took place on June 20th, being also the last appearance of Walter Montgomery, on which occasion he personated seven Shakespearean characters—Romeo, King John, Shylock, Hamlet, Mark Antony, Benedict and Richard the Third. At the conclusion of the performance he was called upon to make a speech, which, he informed the audience, was not in his line. He, however, thanked them for the kind manner in which they had received him and said that he would be only too glad to come back again. On the 22d of June Messrs. Stanton and Smith's Great Dragon Troupe of Japanese commenced their farewell engagement at this theatre..... Mr. and Mrs. and Mast. Joanny Gourley have been giving entertainments at Polytechnic Hall, Melbourne .....Mad. Anna Bishop has given a number of concerts at St. George's Hall, Melbourne, assisted by Charles Lascelles .....Woodroffe's Glass Blowers had located themselves at St. George's Hall for the months of August and September.

MISS SARAH DOWN, who has taken poor Adah Isaacs Menken's part at the Theatre du Chatelet, Paris, is thus referred to by the Parisian critics:—"Theatrical audiences are monsters of ingratitude. Nobody believed it possible Miss Dowe could give satisfaction. She has not Miss Menken's beautiful form, nor has she nothing winning about her, she looks (though only two-and-twenty) past thirty. She has some right to wear a jaded appearance, for she belongs to the accursed tribe of them who are—not brought up—dragged up. She was born in the circus ring, the daughter of English equestrians, who gave birth to her at Birmingham in 1846, while on a professional tour. They accepted an engagement at the Paris Circus in 1849, and brought her over with them. She remained here until 1854, receiving such tincture of education as could be given while training her for the circus. In 1854, she then being nine years old, she joined a circus company which visited Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Italy, Spain and Russia."

MAD. CEROLA, a popular actress in Italy, died lately, aged 37 years.

ON THE RAIL ROAD between Manchester and Liverpool, Eng., a new feature had appeared in the shape of a theatre car. The *repertoire* is so arranged that the scenes terminate upon arrival at a station.

MATCH AT SHUFFLE BOARD.—The match previously announced between Robert Roberts, of this city, and Abe Remshardt, of Philadelphia, both experts at shuffle board, was brought to a focus at King's, West 41st street, on Thursday evening, 24th, and attracted a large delegation of sports, mostly sons of Auld Scotia. The conditions were to play 31 points for $25 a side, and the Philadelphian proved himself decidedly the most accomplished player of the twain, scoring game to 14, thus doubling on his opponent. One excuse for such a bad defeat is urged from the fact that the winner was the builder of the table upon which the contest took place. The same parties play a game of euchre, 25 points, for twenty-five dollars a side, at "Bob's," northeast corner 47th street and 9th Avenue, on Thursday evening, 1st inst. It is expected that Jake Morgan and Harry Smith will likewise try their hand at the same game on the occasion.

OLYMPIADS.—This is the title of an organization recently formed in Troy, N. Y., in emulation of the New York Athletic Club, by a number of lovers of all kinds of health imparting exercises, headed by Arthur Vinette, President of the Mohawk Lacrosse Club, and an untiring worker in the good cause which is productive of health and strength. They have already secured spacious rooms over Wood, Willard & Prentice's shoe store, and have fitted them up with all the gymnastic appliances. Although open to challenges from non-professionals in running, walking and athletic feats, their rules expressly prohibit any matches whereon money is at stake. All others will receive attention, when addressed to the secretary, V. E. Hickok.

CANINE CHALLENGE.—BOSTON, Sept. 26, 1868.—To show the canine fancy that we are not all played out yet, and, as the season is at hand, I will commence and open the ball by challenging any dogs in the country, not barring New Orleans or California, if they will make it an object by giving or taking expenses. I have quite a number of young dogs of my own breeding that never fought for a cent, which I am ready to match, from $300 up to $1,000 a side, at 14, 17, 18, 20 and 50 pounds, fight anywhere, give or take half a pound weight. HARRY JIMMY.

BILLIARDS.

McDEVITT CHALLENGED BY GOLDTHWAIT.

"The Boy" Goldthwait, now in charge of William Wainwright's rooms in Williamsburgh, has issued the subjoined challenge to his old competitor, John McDevitt:—

NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1868.

MESSRS. PHELAN & COLLENDER, STAKEHOLDERS FOR AND MANAGERS OF CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES.

Gentlemen.—I hereby challenge John McDevitt, of Chicago, to play me for the Golden Cue now held by him. The game to be upon the usual terms, viz.:—1,500 points, caroms, on a second-size four-pocket Phelan & Collender tables, jaw barred, push shots allowed. The stake to be $250 a side. As an earnest of my intentions, I herewith send you check for $250, said amount being the forfeit stipulated in the rules governing the championship.

WILLIAM GOLDTHWAIT.

Endorsed—"Received 4.05 P. M., 23d inst.

PHELAN & COLLENDER."

Goldthwait, accompanied by Messrs. Wainwright, Farrell, Boyle and others, called at the office of the stakeholders on the date above named, and in person deposited his challenge and forfeit. Those who have noted the "Boy's" play since he has been over in Williamsburgh, affirm that he is now knocking more caroms out of the balls than ever before—that he "huddles" the balls much more effectively than in times agone, and also executes with more certainty around the table. Such being the case, his chances of capturing the cue are even better than when he defeated McDevitt at Irving Hall, in this city.

DEERY VS. FOSTER.—The great match at the French game between these well practised players, takes place at Irving Hall on the day after this number of the CLIPPER is issued from the press, the time set for the contest being Wednesday evening, Sept. 30th. As we have already announced, they are to play the French game, 300 points up, with 2¾ the balls on a second-size four-pocket (Standard American) carom table. The stake is $500. Among experts, Foster is slightly the favorite, and no doubt that on the night of the match large investments will be made, Deery having many friends among amateurs, as well as among the sporting community. The attendance promises to be large, and the playing excellent. Foster backs himself while Chris. O'Connor, ever foremost in creating sport, stands behind Deery.

EXHIBITION AT "HIRAM'S."—On the 24th Sept. Michael Phelan, Philip Tieman, John Deery, Melvin Foster, Maurice Daley, Frank Dennison, William Wicks, and other billiard celebrities assisted at a pleasing entertainment given at Hiram Henlin's billiard room, 720 Broadway. Phelan and Deery played the opening game—300 points, push shots barred, jaw barred, the ball tied off carom after carom in lively style, came out ahead. A similar game was then played between him and Foster, Deery winning by upwards of 150. An intermission was now announced, during which the players and their friends were invited to an auxiliary room, where they were regaled with a superb repast, gotten up by "Hiram" himself. After a half-hour passed in discussing spiced oysters, cold meats, light wines, etc., the company returned to the billiard-room, where an amusing game was played between Phelan and Phil Tieman. Both teemed with humor, and their antics and droll remarks caused much merriment. The game was short (100 points, push excluded), and Phil won by 13.

THE SPHERES IN OHIO.—An interesting game of billiards was decided at the St. Nicholas rooms, Cleveland, O., on the evening of the 19th ult., between Patsey Dolan and Andy McGue. The game was 500 points up, caroms, for the Cleveland champion cue, offered by the Flannery Brothers. It had been previously won by a gentleman who presented it to Mr. Dolan. The game was very close throughout; the score at the end standing 448 for Dolan, and 500 for McGue, the average of the winner being about 8. The following were the highest runs made:—Dolan—57, 19, 11, 17, 17, 14, 47, 15, 20, 29, 18, 17, 22. McGue—13, 27, 27, 12, 12, 24, 18, 27, 15, 14, 14, 23, 25, 13, 12, 12, 13, 30, 16, 15, 16.

REBUILDING.—They are now at work rebuilding Phelan & Collender's up-town billiard manufactory, destroyed by fire about three weeks ago. Meanwhile, a large force has been added to the down-town manufactory, and but little delay is experienced in filling orders for new tables, and none at all in supplying balls, cues, cloth, etc. The loss on stock by the fire is now found to amount to $78,000. The buildings and machinery were fully insured, the stock but partially.

DEATH OF M. M. MILLER.—Professional circles will be grieved to learn of the death of Mr. M. M. Miller, formany years the leading room keeper in the United States, running at one time two mammoth rooms, one in St. Louis and the other in New Orleans. The sad event occurred in the latter city; the determinate cause being bronchitis, which disease Mr. M. inherited.

THE SPHERES IN MONTREAL, C. E.—A match game, 1,500 points, caroms, second size table, for $100 a side, between J. Bessunger and A. Guillet, took place at Dion's Rooms, Montreal, C. E., on the evening of Sept. 25th and was witnessed by a large assemblage of cueists. Each player is considerably above the average in skill and handled their cues with a brilliancy which elicited frequent and deserved applause from the deeply interested on-lookers. Finally, after an exceedingly exciting contest, Bessunger was declared the victor, scoring "game" to 1,494. Winner's average 9-613, losers, 9-688. Number of innings, 155.

BUTLER AND MCQUIGGLY.—We have received a communication from Herman P. Butler, formerly of the Continental Hotel, Long Branch, wherein he states that having understood that his late opponent, Bernard McQuiggley, was desirous of crossing cues with him a third time, he is ready to make a fresh match for from $100 to $500, the game to be played in this city at any time and place, either in public or private.

JAMES DEWITT has, we understand, been installed as superintendent of the Girard Hotel Billiard Parlor, Philadelphia.

ALL SORTS.—R. T. Ryall was in this city all last week, still suffering from the malady which has caused such profound regret to his friends..... Mons. A. F. Rudolphe, whose balls announce him as "champion of Europe" and "the greatest of living players," gave exhibitions all last week at the Hone House, 722 Broadway..... The billiard fraternity heresway have made arrangements for a base ball contest on the Capitoline grounds. It will be Lights vs. Heavies, and the sides will comprise such good fellows as Michael Phelan, Geo. E. Phelan, Phil. Tieman, Peter D. Braisted, Chris. O'Connor, Neil Bryant, Goldthwait, Billy Wicks, Capt. Boyle, Simon Burns, Wm. Wainwright, Mel. Fowler, Mel. Foster, Bernard, Maurice Daley, Frank Dennison, etc..... It has been erroneously announced that Joseph Dion has re-challenged McDevitt..... Frank Dennison has retired from the billiard room at the corner of Broadway and 29th st., and thinks about travelling down east..... A man named Devitt is circulating about and falsely representing that he is empowered by Phelan & Collender to cut down and repair tables of their make. His latest exploit took place in Plymouth, Penn., where he spoiled a table, and forgot to return several sets of balls entrusted to him to be turned down and re-colored .... Rudolphe is going to "do" the whole country after he gets through with Gotham. He will take in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, etc. As he has got pretty near through with New York, he may be expected at an early day in some one of the other cities named..... Mattie Hewins, champion of Connecticut, was in town on the 26th ult. His match with the "Unknown" is off, the "Un" having failed to come to time..... They are to have a tournament in Boston shortly. Also, one in Cincinnati..... Philip Tieman will leave for home the latter part of this week.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.

From the California Overland Monthly.

There was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The cries and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's" grocery, long constituted its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeat d. It was a name familiar enough in the camp—"Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom—hard enough to bear even in the seclusion and sexual sympathy which custom yeils it—but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation, which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive sympathy and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perphaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was defrauded to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked his pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it;" even, that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd, which had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman:—"Is that him?" "mighty small specimen;" "hasn't much got the color;" "ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic—a silver tobacco box, a doubloon, a navy revolver silver mounted, a gold specimen, a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst, the gambler), a diamond breast pin, a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"), a slung shot, a Bible (contributor not detected), a golden spur, a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's), a pair of surgeon's shears, a lancet, a Bank of England note for £5 and about $200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left—a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occured to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d——d little cuss," he said, as he extricated his finger with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, folding up the member, "like a d——d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed he had walked down to the river and whistled, reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle box. "All serene," replied Stumpy, "anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the d——d little cuss," he said and returned.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hill side there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the arguments in favor of none of these fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it and rung in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy alone perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Kind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold dust into the express man's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work and frills—d——m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for maternal deficiencies. Nature took the rounding to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot hills—that air pungent with balsamic odor, that etherial cordial, at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorous. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Cayote" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d——d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father remained unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all around. Call him Luck and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It aint my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing aint exactly on the square. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And of there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see whose got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus estoped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California—so help me God. It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered aught but profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived, but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how the Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self defence, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of his large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which attended the camp its infelicitous time were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked in Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D——n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality, and one song only by "Man-O'-War Jack," an English sailor from Her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse. "On b-o-o-a-rd of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and keeping forth his naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the entire camp. His warmth, say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring' that would lay over any Street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "the Luck"—who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost those souls who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of '51 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy, "it's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river bank, was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner, but the pride—the hope—the joy—the Luck—of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair they saw that the child was cold and pulseless.

"He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's a taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now;" and the strong man clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

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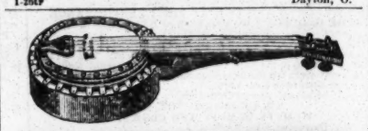

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